

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1982

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THE MENACE OF EVEREST

The Canadian Expedition
on Khumbu Icefall





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SEPTEMBER 20, 1981 VOL. 55 NO. 38

COVER

The menace of Everest

Buttered by four tragic deaths and the departure of its climbers, the first Canadian expedition to attempt Mount Everest is confronting its stubborn challenge. Seven color photographs, for which Maclean's acquired the exclusive first Canadian magazine rights, illustrate the awesome problems that the team must conquer to become the first Canadians on the roof of the world. —Page 26

COVER PHOTO BY PETER HODDER



Shuffle on the deck

Rene Pierre Trudeau was skeptical about the value of his little cabinet shuffle, except that it achieved its purpose—moving Allan Rock out of Finance. —Page 13



In both languages

The old Canada-Quebec debate was put back on the front burner as a judge upheld the federal Charter of Rights over Quebec's French language charter. —Page 45

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Arab blueprint for peace

In an unusual display of unity, the Arab summit in Morocco produced a peace plan for the Middle East that implies recognition of Israel's right to exist. —Page 20



An SS man with heart

Christopher Plummer stars in a television miniseries as a Nazi commander who is rattled by a wily Irish messenger while playing duff in Rome. —Page 44



Milk, the drink children love that isn't packed with sugar.

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SOURCE: "Protein Value of Some Common Foods," Health and Welfare Canada

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Starring a schizophrenic

For two years Susan Sheehan, a staff writer for *The New Yorker* magazine, immersed herself in the roller coaster of mental illness. Traveling between her tranquil home in Washington, D.C., and Greenacre Psychiatric Center in New York City, Sheehan shared the life of a colorful and articulate schizophrenic whom she calls Sylvia. *Primal*, the result, was a critically acclaimed novel. In *There No Place on Earth for Me!* a harrowing, detailed account of growing up insane in North America. Her experience with *Primal*—like has been in and out of institutions for most of her 54 years—left Sheehan appalled by the magnitude of professional and popular angst and by the careless prescribing of drugs. Maclean's contributing editor William Lashner spoke with Sheehan in Washington.



Sheehan: 'The sadness is terrible'

Maclean's: Why did you write this book?

Sheehan: One reason was that I wanted to give people a more accurate picture of mental illness. There are a lot of misconceptions. For example, the rate of violence among mental patients, including schizophrenics, is higher or lower than the rest of the population at large. Sylvia would never commit a crime. She is just not together enough. She is much more—so many mental patients are—the victim rather than the victimizer.

Maclean's: Why did you pick her?

Sheehan: I was given total cooperation by the bureaucrats running New York State mental illness facilities. It was difficult to find a subject because most patients have signs that are too fragile to withstand a couple of years of intensive questioning. But I kept hearing about this woman, Jewish of Russian extraction, who would be just perfect. And one day she walked in. She had a strong ego, and I knew that I could do the book without hurting her. But she is also very representative of people with schizophrenia. She was in adolescence when the disease first began. Now, at various times, she thinks she is Dietrich Voder, a lobbyist, married to Neil Diamond and the creator of the Tappan.

Maclean's: How did she react to the idea of the book?

Sheehan: She was thrilled. She had always wanted to be a star, and this seemed to her to be one way of doing it. She introduced me all over and very proudly said that I was her biographer. I gave most people thought. It was

my particular delusion.

Maclean's: Was there not a risk that she and others would just play a part especially for your attention?

Sheehan: No, I just became part of the wallpaper. You can watch out for a daily journalist, or a weekly journalist, but for one who is working in years you

If each doctor in private practice took one psychotic or schizophrenic, then more people would be helped

can't keep your guard up. You finally start behaving the way you behave. It's far too much effort not to. And people don't seem to think what they are doing is wrong. I sat at the Franklin's dinner table while Sylvia's mother, who had suffered a great deal as a result of her daughter's mental illness, pretty much told me to commit suicide, to jump on the railroad tracks. Some of the terrible things she said to her daughter are in the book, but after it was published she only complained Mrs. Franklin had said that I had used her real age and said she

died. Her hair Sylvia really likes the book, and that was my main concern.

Maclean's: What can we learn from the book?

Sheehan: We can learn what an imperfect science psychiatry is by seeing how poorly doctors diagnose mental illness. The majority of psychiatric patients end up in state or provincial hospitals as outpatients how well do they start out? Private care soon ends up their money and the chances are high that in public hospitals they will be treated by foreign doctors who have this terrible barrier of language and culture. When someone says that she is Mary Poppins, they don't know who Mary Poppins is. They are thus unable to understand the delusion, and there is great danger of a wrong diagnosis and, sooner or later, wrong medication.

Maclean's: What can be done about that?

Sheehan: Well, very often the best North American doctors work in lucrative private practices treating neurotics. It's a lot more rewarding. Maybe if each doctor in private practice took one psychotic or schizophrenic, or if they gave an hour or two a week to working in public hospitals, then more people would be helped. As it is, we are abandoning the people who are in the worst shape to the worst doctors.

Maclean's: What hope is there for Sylvia Franklin and others like her?

Sheehan: If they keep up medication and get good psychiatry, things can get better. With a number of people the illness eventually seems to burn out. They become less tortured by their delusions and find more quiet. As a result of the book Sylvia has found a good psychiatrist, but I wouldn't be surprised if she had another psychotic break in the next few weeks or months. It may be possible to get rid of the symptoms of delusion, but the underlying social deficiencies will not be so responsive. Schizophrenics are unlikely to marry or ever be good at everyday relationships. Even when they are well medication they can't handle demanding jobs.

Maclean's: What will you remember most about your journey into schizophrenia?

Sheehan: The thing I learned most from her was about survival and the strength of the human spirit. To go on living while mentally ill is really a lot harder than most things you can think of. So many of the things that Sylvia said will stay with me always. She once said that to live with a husband and children and credit cards and a job would be wonderful. And she added that when you know these things were for other people, but not for you, then sometimes it was very hard to endure the not having. She realized her plight. The sadness is terrible. ☐

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DATeline: BRAZIL

Jinxed in the jungle

By Brian Kelly and Mark London

Along the boardwalk main street of Belém, a remote and riotous jungle town of pastel-painted shops and bars in northern Brazil, the signs of fading prosperity are everywhere. The pool tables and bars are mostly empty; the shops still offer cheap vinyl luggage and plastic shoes, but there are few buyers, and the prostitutes are getting one or two customers a night instead of the eight or 10 of a year ago.

Across the dark, swift Jacaré River, where a pulp mill and power plant dominate the horizon, it still looks like a boomtown. But even in boomtown there is fear. Fear that since Daniel K. Ludwig, the reclusive American billionaire, has walked away from his dream of turning a patch of Amazon jungle into an industrial empire, the dream will be allowed to die. "We are beating the jungle," said Julian Zweibel, head of Juri's



Wood-burning power plant floated to Brazil from Japan. "We are beating the jungle!"

forestry operation. "We solved the scientific problems but we couldn't solve the political ones."

Probably the largest and most expensive entrepreneurial venture ever attempted by one man, Juri, as the project is known, was plagued with problems from its beginning in 1968. Faced with a critical shortage in world demand for food and fiber in the 1980s, Ludwig purchased four million acres of land in Brazil for \$3 million. In an experiment on a

scale as ambitious and few governments would attempt, Ludwig proved that it was possible to take the virgin rain forest and use it to grow food and specialized timber, to mine minerals and sustain a city—all in an area that once produced nothing but Brazil nuts. By any measure, his accomplishments are staggering: a self-contained community of 30,000, 48 hours by boat from the nearest city, with a hospital, schools, an airport, a 4,000-km network of roads, a

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40 km railway and a deepwater port. In addition to the mill and power plant, there are 267,800 acres of productive forest, a kakao rose, 3,000 head of cattle, 6,400 buffalo and 96,500 acres of rice fields—all, until recently, owned by Ludwig.

In the end, however, the many obstacles encountered along the way, from the inoperability of the jungle to that of Brazilian political leaders, made Jan outlast even Ludwig—named to be the wealthiest man in the world—could afford. It never did turn a profit, and early this year Ludwig—now 85 and

bedridden—virtually gave it away to a group of top Brazilian banks, insurance companies, contractors and investment houses in exchange for his debt. His executives say that he has written off a loss of almost \$1 billion.

In the great forests that Ludwig planted, the dream still seems very much alive. "Now tell me where you are," says forester Charles Briscoe, as he steps in the middle of a grove of towering pine trees he planted eight years ago. "You tell me if this feels like the jungle or New England." One of Ludwig's ambitions was to plant trees "like



Ludwig: absorbing a \$1-billion loss

you plant oaks in Iowa," says Briscoe. To that end, he sent a team of researchers around the world to search for the perfect tree. He settled on the melina, a fast-growing native of Southeast Asia which the British had cultivated in Nigeria.

But the Amazon—about which little is known—was a formidable opponent. The foresters found that the heavy balders used to clear the land destroyed the thin topsoil and made planting impossible in some areas. When it was discovered that melina did not grow well on sandy soil—which makes up more than half of the Jani land—the foresters brought in Caribbean pine, which adapted well. Today the forest is divided among three species: melina, pine and eucalyptus. "All the major bugs are out of this operation. Heck, we can grow a tree here in four years that takes 10 in Portugal," says Howard King, the last of a long line of Ludwig's general managers, who is now a consultant.

Also fascinating well is the pulp mill, an engineering feat that shows Ludwig, the man credited with investing the supertanker, at his most brilliant. When he decided it would be too difficult to construct a mill on the site, he built it at a Japanese shipyard, then floated all 30 million kg of it across the Indian Ocean, around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Atlantic and up the Amazon. He did the same with the nearby power plant, which saves Jani \$28 million a year by burning trees.

To further agricultural research, Ludwig assembled a team of scientific young agronomists and gave them an enormous budget. One result is a huge mechanized rice-growing operation which produces crop yields twice as high as the rest of the world, says King. "What is frustrating is the potential of this place that people don't realize. There is nowhere in the world today with so much available—land, rain, sun



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and a 12-month growing season."

What is doubly frustrating to King and the others is that just when they felt they had the natural obstacles in hand, a series of human disasters arose to knock them down. "I will not say the jungle beat Mr. Lulweg," says Zweede. "We beat ourselves a little, and the Brazilians beat us a little."

Some critics say that the biggest problem at Jan was the arrogance and impetuosity of the inexperienced himself. Lulweg wasted everything done yesterday and had an expensive habit of changing plans in midstream. The fury to get dirt moving also made him liable to the charges of Brazilian society. Since 1960 the country has moved from a classic South American dictatorship to the edge of democracy, with the first elections in almost two decades scheduled for this November. As opponents of the government began to test their new political muscle, a favorite name became the substantial presence of the American billionaire in their wilderness. Lulweg's passion for secrecy meant that wild rumors abounded. Jan was a slave camp, controlled by U.S. Green Berets, Lulweg was smuggling gold out, he planned to invade from Brazil. "There was no way to counter these," says Zweede. "We had not kept up our friendships in the government."

Controversy erupted when the Brazilian bureaucracy began to challenge Lulweg's title to his lands, making him ineligible for most bank financing and government subsidy programs. In August, 1984, he wrote a 17-page letter to the government, claiming he needed help to pay the annual \$5.5-million bill for schools, hospitals and other services. Top officials dragged their feet, the press treated the letter as an arrogant ultimatum, and Lulweg proceeded that the handwriting on the wall read "Thank You Home."

The redoubtable was going to walk away and look the gate behind him. But Brazil's planning minister, Antonio Delfim Netto, unbothered by the country's longest industrial strike, taking it over. Their reluctance to participate has raised doubts about Jan's future. Established enterprises such as the pulp mill and the landfill waste will undoubtedly survive and could even make money, now that the government is paying some of the exorbitantly servicing costs previously borne by Lulweg. But his ambitions for the future—a hydroelectric dam, hazardous mining and a paper plant, to name a few—have been placed on the shelf. Some of Lulweg's managers have stayed on for the transition, but all are dependent. "My biggest worry," says Zweede, "is if this project goes down the tubes, it will be a long time before anyone tries something like this again." ☐

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Q&A: MICHAEL SABOM

Dead men telling tales

When U.S. cardiologist Michael Sabom read about the phenomenon known as "near-death experiences" in 1975, his first reaction was that the stories were so-called radicalism. Still, in a society like ours, Sabom—then studying at the University of Florida—and a colleague decided to ask heart patients who had survived a close brush with death if they could recall enlightening circumstances from the period when they were physically unconscious. To Sabom's surprise many said they could. Excited by these results, he embarked on a five-year scientific investigation, the results of which were published earlier this year in a controversial book, *Hallucinations of Death*. Dr. Sabom speaks with Maclean's contributing editor Pat O'Rourke in Toronto.

Maclean's: Could you describe a near-death experience?

Sabom: We find two different types. The first is the out-of-body pattern, in

"They feel as if their consciousness is moving through a void, then a bright light, then into a beautiful space"

which people lose consciousness and then feel as if their consciousness has separated from the physical body so that they can actually look down on themselves and the resuscitation procedure at a time that they are physically unconscious. Usually they recall looking down on the room from about ceiling height. Associated with this is a tremendous feeling of peace, which they contrast with their physical body being resuscitated through what appears to be some painful physical procedure. At the point of resuscitation, then, they feel as if their consciousness rejoins their physical body and they are alert and awake in their ordinary state.

The second type is the transcendental near-death experience. Again, they lose consciousness, then feel as if their consciousness is moving through a dark region or void, then through a bright light, and at that point another beautiful type of environment opens up before them. At times, deceased relatives or friends or religious figures come to meet them and communicate that it is not their time to be there and that they

must return. At this point they somehow regain the physical body and, the next thing they realize, they are awake, after the resuscitation. The third type, very briefly, is the out-of-body part first, the transcendental part second, and the two run together without any intervening time.

Maclean's: How can you explain these experiences?

Sabom: In my book I spend quite a bit of time referring to work done by some prominent neuroscientists, such as Dr. Wilder Penfield who was at the Montreal Neurological Institute. He wrote a book entitled *The Mystery of the Mind* before his death in 1976. In it he said that, after devising a lifetime to research into the human brain, he felt that our everyday waking consciousness could not be totally explained by the physical anatomy structure of the human brain—that there was a nonphys-

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ical mind mechanism that interacted with the physical brain as a computer-like mechanism. What I have proposed is that, if Penfield was right in this, perhaps during the process of dying, a trigger mechanism causes a split to occur between this nonphysical mind and physical brain. Of course this is all speculation, but it would be a way of explaining how somebody could look at things from a point distant from the physical body itself.

Maclean's: What were you able to determine scientifically about these experiences?

Sabom: First of all, I now know that the experience is accurate in a sizable number of people. We found it in 43 per cent of 78 patients we interviewed. Secondly, for the out-of-body experience, where people claim to be able to see what's going on in a room during a resuscitation, I have been able to go back and look at their medical records or talk to physicians or nurses there at the time and compare the accounts. In many instances there is an extreme degree of accuracy. And, furthermore, I have been able to see if there was some physical way they could have known this information other than having "seen it from the ceiling." In the seven cases I analysed in my book, I was not able to find any alternative way they could have known about this information unless they had actually seen someone visually perceived it.

Maclean's: Can you give an example?

Sabom: One man who had a cardiac arrest claimed he was looking down on his body and then could see down the hallway. His wife and two of his six children were just entering the hallway, and he saw them at a distance. She had not planned on coming into the hospital that night, so she didn't know how he could have known. Also, he knew which of the six children were there, which was unusual because they came in different combinations.

Maclean's: Was there not a well-verified case that you did not use in your book?

Sabom: That was told to me by a respiratory therapist at another hospital in Atlanta who had helped resuscitate a man who had suffered a cardiac arrest. The next day the therapist went in to check on him, and the patient said, "You're the man who helped do the resuscitation." The therapist had come into the room after the man had lost consciousness, so this kind of beyond his statement, he asked, "How do you know who I am?" And the guy said, "During the resuscitation I looked down on what was going on in the room." He told the respiratory therapist that during the resuscitation there was a nurse who was having difficulty getting a plastic lock off a cart and that the therapist reached out of his back pocket and



Sabom: shattering laws of gravity

handed her a pair of scissors to twist the lock off. The therapist was dumbfounded because that is indeed what he did. And this man had a black mark and a scar over his face at the time and so he could not have seen it from where he was lying.

Maclean's: Do you feel, then, that you have successfully verified the out-of-body experiences?

Sabom: I think I have made a start at it. I'm very much aware of the limitations of what I've done. I'm dealing with a small number of cases that cannot be reproduced because they're one-shot deals. They're important, but we need much more data. When you start talking about the transcendental perception of the experience, however, there is no possible way of verifying the accuracy of that.

Maclean's: Why do the patients say about the transcendentals part? Do they find it is a hallucination or a dream?

Sabom: Oh no. In particular, people who had the combined experience say that the transcendental was just as real as the out-of-body. And they make a big point of that. I asked many of these people to compare the out-of-body experience to dreams, and they said it was nothing like a dream, it was as real as you and I sitting here in the room talking to one another.

Maclean's: What effect does the experience have on people afterward?

Sabom: The people I have to tend to hear felt that the transcendental experience was a glimpse of the afterlife. And if a religious figure had been encountered, at times people become, as you might expect, very religious after their experience. Of course it's very meaningful when their dead mother or father or brother or somebody they thought very highly of was encountered. But I guess

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the overall gist is an extremely powerful, outside event, and most of them truly believe that this is what they're going to go back through when they finally die. That leaves them with a sense of peace and very little fear of death. As a matter of fact, we administered death-anxiety questionnaires to the near-death people and also to those who merely blacked out and woke up, and demonstrated a clear difference in their fear of dying, after the near-death experience it was often dramatic.

Maclean's: Does this make a difference to how they lead their lives?

Robson: The patients I have followed seem to be living their lives more fully. They're less preoccupied with their physical condition or the prospect of death but are more interested in their family life. They're less interested in material pursuits or achieving things in work.

Maclean's: Does the phenomenon of the near-death experience suggest to you that there is an afterlife?

Robson: To the person who had the experience, it is a glimpse of an afterlife. But if I'm asked as a physician and a scientist, to me, objectively, they weren't physically dead, so the experience they had was an experience of near-death and not after-death. I think that these experiences are consistent with the possibility of an afterlife but certainly do not prove the existence of an afterlife.

Maclean's: Were people eager to talk about it?

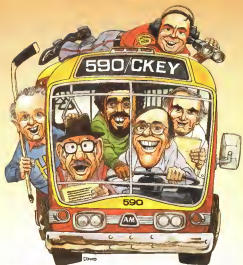
Robson: Many of these people were reluctant. The reason was that they knew themselves what had happened to them; they felt it was very real and meaningful. But at the same time they had enough sense to know that if they told somebody else it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for this other person to take them seriously.

Maclean's: Are scientists and doctors taking it seriously now?

Robson: For the most part, no, and I think this is unfortunate.

Maclean's: Why?

Robson: First of all, because it's important to continue with the research. This is the closest we're going to get to determining what the process of dying is like, and I think we all wonder about that. Scientifically and philosophically, I think it brings up questions about the mind and the brain and the splitting of the two, whether we are dualistic beings, as Penfield suggested. Certainly that's an important concept. If eventually it is shown that there is a nonphysical mind that can split apart from the physical brain, this is going to shatter many of the laws of gravity and physics that we now hold as the only way. I think it will enlarge our way of looking at life and the human potential. ☐



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CANADA

A little shuffle on the deck



From left: MacGuigan, MacEachen, Schreyer, Trudeau, Chrétien, Lalonde and Austin after the cabinet, a time to regroup

By John Hay

Prime Trudeau himself was properly skeptical about the political value of his "little jewel" of a cabinet shuffle last week. Most people, he observes, don't know which minister has which job anyway. "They probably read [about] them in the newspaper," he added, "and then forget them." Nor did the five-man switch forestall any great shifts in policies. Trudeau said after the reshuffle in at Government House. Rather, the top ranks of his 38-member cabinet were rearranged for a single, simple reason: to enable Allan Rock to leave the finance department. For MacEachen, as well as his critics, it was reason enough.

Having endured the finance ministry for 2½ stormy years since the 1980 election, MacEachen returns to the comparative calm of External Affairs—a portfolio he relished when he was minister there between 1975 and 1978. Relieving him at Finance is hard-core Marc Lalonde, who is (with MacEachen) one of the two ministers closest to Trudeau (see following story). Jean Chrétien is expected to move over to replace Lalonde at Energy, to deal with a troubled oil

industry and near-wary producing provinces—and to cultivate his ambition to become prime minister after Trudeau retires again. In moving, Chrétien also sheds his part-time portfolio as minister of state for social development policy, which is assumed by Senator Jacob Abbott of British Columbia. Completing the circle is Mark MacGuigan, transferring from External to succeed Chrétien at Justice.

As they plunged into briefings from their newly assigned officials, some of the ministers were about to break any new policy ground. Lalonde, for one, said he wants to advance in "the general direction" of the policies laid down in MacEachen's June budget—no doubt because his appointment narrows the business community and Washington By chance, Statistics Canada had announced hours earlier that unemployment reached a post-Depression record of 12.2 per cent in August, which Lalonde called "a great tragedy."

One of Chrétien's first jobs at Energy will be to seek a settlement of the offshore resource dispute with Newfoundland. He was also somewhat about the fate of Dome Petroleum, whose multi-billion-dollar bank debts have led to

some calls for government help—something the cabinet has yet to decide.

Having been lifted from back-bench obscurity into the glamorous External Affairs post in 1980, MacGuigan could be accused for having mixed feelings about moving over to Justice. But it is, he said, "an exciting challenge" and—for the son of a judge of the F.R.I. Supreme Court—"a lifelong ambition." In fact, Justice badly needs some ministerial attention. For years it has been run part-time by ministers with other tasks—most recently by Chrétien, who spent most of the past two years on the Constitution. A former law professor, MacGuigan faces an important first ministers conference on the Constitution next year (with native rights the chief issue) and he will take charge of a planned overhaul of the Criminal Code.

Austin, on the other hand, takes over not a big department but a committee—one of the hottest in the Trudeau cabinet. As chairman of social development, the smaller, a mixture chief of Trudeau's staff, will oversee spending of some \$30.2 billion this year—nearly 46 per cent of total government outlays, in programs ranging from family

allowances to veterans' pensions.

For his part, the dear MacRachon, now, give every sign of enjoying his release from Finance, a department desperately in need of revival. "The leaving of the portfolio is one of the happier events associated with it," he allowed to reporters. Some Liberals sniffed darkly that he had been poached from the department because he was not salesman enough to peddle the \$8-and-5-cent anti-inflation campaign. But he and the prime minister both declared that the shift was MacRachon's idea, the firming based partly on the upset public reception of his June budget. Trudeau revealed his esteem for MacRachon in 1976 of somewhat sending him back to External, and MacRachon "waited it proceeded with now."

In fact, Trudeau's mind was not made up easily. He discussed possible cabinet

An early riser for Finance

The telephone call was one of those small, telling moments upon which political history sometimes pivots. Pierre Trudeau told Marc Lalonde little more than that he wanted him to replace Allan Rock as Finance minister. But that alone was not sufficient to get him to the job. Lalonde was not so sure enough to peddle the \$8-and-5-cent anti-inflation campaign. But he and the prime minister both declared that the shift was MacRachon's idea, the firming based partly on the upset public reception of his June budget. Trudeau revealed his esteem for MacRachon in 1976 of somewhat sending him back to External, and MacRachon "waited it proceeded with now."

In fact, Trudeau's mind was not made up easily. He discussed possible cabinet

No Finance minister in recent memory has come to the job less enamored by ambition. "Why should I spend time selling myself? He once said to MacRachon. "Wherever I do next, I won't have to be loved by society to do it."

Such belief-straight hair leads many people to view him as coldly and ruthlessly ambitious. But Lalonde's supporters suggest that the man may have followed in his years as energy minister. Since he was forced to make revisions to his much derided National Energy Program, Lalonde says, he suggests that he may be less confident in his ability to perceive solutions and billy goats into accepting them. He will probably consult far more widely than the allegedly shy MacRachon and he hopes to make a serious effort to bring the leaders of organized labor back to the discussion table from which Trudeau isolated them.

The Lalonde staff has learned to live with a working day that starts at 7:30 a.m. and habitually ends at midnight. The finance department was served an unexpected notice of this new regimen when Lalonde telephoned Friday morning for briefing books he could deliver before his nine o'clock meetings in by Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer. While he has trouble dealing with what makes his relationship with Trudeau tick, Lalonde does sense that he shares with the prime minister a philosophy of "pushing yourself to the limit, testing yourself." While Trudeau was educated under the punishing discipline of Jesuit priests, Lalonde prides himself in having been the order's Montreal lawyer. "That's the highest testimony from them, that they would hire someone they hadn't trained," he once japed.

A note from the NEP, the Liberals have been unable to delineate any coherent economic framework except their long-term-by-the-ditch adherence to the Six-and-Five program. Lalonde's new mandate is expected to be as broad as the one he took as Energy—to get the most cleared up. To the dismay of liberals, he is a man who does not seem to be inclined that he seek solutions. With as little apparent interest in advancing his political career, those solutions may turn out to be enough medicine but they will probably be more honest than any Ottawa has offered so far. Most certainly, the challenge will be to go back to work from the principle of economic nationalism in which the new is noted as Trudeau and Lalonde out public life together, it will be Lalonde again leading the way, as it was when they started their careers as young men together nearly two decades ago.

—IAN ANDERSON in Ottawa



Trudeau and Lalonde in 1980, together in the oval, but never at dinner!

shifts with MacRachon several times during the summer and began raising the subject with selected senior ministers late last month. Forcing his decision was the inevitable press of the mid-administration timetable—especially the need to install new appointees for key meetings this week of the powerful cabinet committee on priorities and planning. At least one of the ministers involved—MacRachon—did not learn Sunday of his new job until the evening before they were all sworn in by Gov. Gen. Edward Schreyer. The PM plans a larger shuffle—a "larger pool"—sometime before Parliament recesses following Oct. 30—more names, possibly, for the public to ferret.

With Mary-Anne in Ottawa

time for shock treatment," an appointment against an overdue reappraisal of the nation's economic structure.

The Trudeau-Lalonde alliance is probably the most powerful and impressive political pact since Wilfrid Lyon Macdonald King began consulting the spirits—although the two men are not close friends. Trudeau, for example, has never invited Lalonde and his wife to dinner at 34 Sussex. But mutual respect has made them inseparable allies since 1968, when Lalonde, as principal secretary to Prime Minister Lester Pearson, quietly nudged Pearson into throwing his support behind Trudeau's candidacy for the leadership. Virtually alone in the cabinet, Lalonde is so confident that he could turn his back on politics with scarcely a second thought.



Parents of St. Kevin's (above), Deschênes: an expert on individualism

QUEBEC

Back to school in both tongues

One anglophone observer in Quebec Superior Court last week briefly wrote a clenched fist in triumph when Chief Justice Jules Deschênes' long-awaited judgment upheld the supremacy of the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms over the province's Charter of the French Language. The immediate denunciations by Premier René Lévesque that flowed from Quebec City and a court challenge planned by the Parti Québécois government moved the old Quebec-Canada debate back onto the front burner.

The heat was turned on in Montreal, where Deschênes ruled that Quebec's attempt to ban English-speaking Canadians from English schools in the province is an exaggerated and unconstitutional response to the wish to protect French. The decision could result in injury, Deschênes criticized the Quebec government—as those unwilling provincialism the new Constitution was imposed—for flirting with totalitarianism.

At issue were the education provisions of Quebec's five-year-old language law, Bill 101. With a few exceptions, they restrict access to English schools in Quebec only to children of parents who were educated in English in the province. The federal Charter of Rights, which Deschênes ruled takes precedence, guarantees English-language schooling in Quebec to children of Canadian citizens educated in English any-

where in the country. About 150 to 400 students barred from attending English schools in Quebec under Bill 101 will benefit from the ruling—as will the children of those English-educated Canadians moving to Quebec in the future.

In Ottawa, then Justice Minister Jean Chrétien said he hoped the judgment would mean that more anglophones would now stay in Quebec. That federalist hope was a direct affront to the father of the language law, Daniel Lévesque, who continued to insist that Bill 101 is essential to the "cultural and linguistic security of the Quebec people." That, the day after the Deschênes ruling, Lévesque said in a television interview, was his justification over most of Bill 101. When Lévesque shelved his cabinet, handing that authority over to Gerald Gagné, who, as a q.b. back-slasher, had criticized the language law as being too severe.

Education Minister Lucien Lévesque, who still retains responsibility for policy on schools, was particularly angry that the decision ruled that particular clause of the federal law. This section of the Charter of Rights provides that Canadian-born children who have already studied in English and whose brothers and sisters have done so—can also enroll for English schooling in Quebec. Lucien said that Deschênes' judgment barred Quebec back more than a decade to freedom of choice in the language of education. He argued that francophones—who do have the right to send their children to English schools in Quebec, might now enroll a child briefly in an Ontario school—so that the whole family could claim to qualify under the charter for an English education in Quebec. "Whenever happens, 1,000 other children in Quebec—so-called 'dilettante'—who have defied the law to attend English schools, may now also benefit from the educational provisions in the Charter of Rights. Lévesque has advised parents not to register their children pending appeals, even though three Montreal and area school boards have voted to adopt them.

Quebec argues that the education provisions of Bill 101 fall within the definition of a "reasonable" restriction of rights and liberties in a "free and democratic society," as stated in Art. 1 of the Charter of Rights. But Deschênes ruled "Every individual in Canada and Quebec must enjoy all his rights, be he alone or a member of a group, and if the group has 100 members, the hundredth has just as much right to benefit from all the privileges of citizenship as the 99 others."

Deschênes also sharply rejected the argument that French culture would be seriously hurt by allowing a few hundred children to English schools. "Quebec's argument conjures up a picture of a totalitarian conception of society in which the Court cannot adhere," he wrote.

Bill 101's avowed purpose is to make Quebec a French or "anglophone" English.

The issue of the challenge to the education provisions is that even those children who now have the right to attend English schools in Quebec will have to leave French if they want to work in the province when they graduate. In the same fashion, francophones in other provinces, whose right to education in their own language—where numbers warrant—is also covered by the Canadian charter, will find they must learn English to work outside Quebec.

—ANN BEHRENS in Montreal



in Montreal

On a roll toward an election

Although British Columbia's economy continues to slide—381,000 workers were without jobs in August, the government from a \$1-billion deficit, and more walkouts by government employees loom—Premier William Bennett is on a roll. The slimmed-down Bennett (seven times a week) looks and sounds like a man in training for an election, which most pundits expect on Oct. 15. After months of pontificating in self-righteous words, Bennett and his troops are finally profiting from a combination of luck and good timing. With the troublesome constitutional issue out of the way, Bennett was first among the premiers to tackle the economy by intro-

ducing (SOES) with little room to move. The union tried an eight-day strike in August and a one-day walkout Sept. 1. But, mainly, the result was a flood of outraged telephone calls to radio open-line shows about dissident, leftist shows. Said Shirley Stoecker, an open-line show producer: "Many people were angry when John Fryer screwed up and had picket lines blocking their access to superstations during the one-day strike—especially after he said he wasn't going to interview the public." Fryer, senior general secretary, then had embarrassment added to public grandstanding when government negotiators leaked a transcript of his bargaining-table talk, and the text, read-

deed by \$10 million by 1983 and hospital beds closed—have sparked public grunts. But Bennett knows that polls, one by The Vancouver Sun, reveal that there is general approval of his postscript program. In an interview with Moore's last week, the premier said that he was pleasantly surprised when more than 4,000 doctors and dentists filed into step with the guidelines. The doctors agreed to return \$20 million in earned incomes—\$6,000 per physician—rather than roll back a 16-per-cent fee increase to six per cent. Bennett observes that "in a province where most workers in a lumber town such as Port Alberni are unemployed, job security enjoyed by civil servants is a negotiable issue." He asserts that he has no sleep over the prospect of imposing a settlement if necessary. "I'm involved," Bennett says. "I'm the premier of the province and eventually, if at the [lab-



Bennett (left), Barrett, and now slimmed-down Fryer and his, the other profiting silence is possible attention

ding restraint and measures programs in February.

The pay cuts on the province's 218,000 public employees revived the most hot and attention, but even the premier did not imagine that his offer of a maximum 10-per-cent yearly increase would prove too high. Revenues from a provincial economy tied to resource exports continued to fall, and, by July, Bennett unilaterally reduced the expectations of government employees by adopting a version of Ottawa's plan for six- and five-per-cent wage increases for civil servants. At the same time, Bennett has retained his status as a firm foe of Ottawa, by claiming that his program is more flexible, allowing higher increases in return for increased productivity.

The tactic has left the 40,000-member B.C. Government Employees Un-

dered almost (illegible by dated) splinter, showed up in The Vancouver Sun.

With the workers back on the job, the government refused to go beyond a 6.5-per-cent increase. In desperation the union in turn applied to the powerful B.C. Federation of Labor for help. The federation, close through last week, pledging to take its 20,000 members off the job in a series of rotating strikes. But federation President Jim Kennedy does not want a provincewide general strike since it would reinforce—see left—way. That would lead Bennett's election issue in a manner that once served the Soerens and his father, the late premier W.A.C. Bennett, as well in the past, who runs the provinces—government or the union?

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prevalent law in buying the bonds. At the same time, the government is likely to guarantee first-time home buyers that they will pay no more than 12 per cent interest rates on their mortgages, with the government subsidizing the difference to prevailing market levels. "What our people want is security," says Bennett.

In fact, the opposition is less concerned about housing than topography—that is, the shape of the electoral map. When Bennett comments the legislature—with its 16 Social Credit and 86 NDP members—for an unusual fall session this week, he could ask his majority to rubber stamp a report by former B.C. Tory leader David Warren that proposes to add a second new member to each existing constituency and a third to another.

Dave Barrett, the once-viable leader of a party that depends heavily on union support, has been almost muted on the dispute between the government and its reformers, performing silence in public situations. But he exhibits no similar reserve on the matter of election boundaries. "It [the report] stinks," he said.

It has been a frustrating summer for the NDP. Months of successful criticism of cabinet members' lavish spending on expense accounts, and ending when two ministers were sacked on Aug. 10—was almost forgotten when NRC Gary Lusk embarrassed himself by wrongly predicting that the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce was about to go into receivership.

For Bennett, proprietor of the only working mega-project still alive in the country—the \$3-billion Northeast Coal Development in the Peace River country—the negotiation of a fall election seems preposterous. But even before the vote, in fact, rumors were circulating that government members had rented campaign headquarters and were printing brochures. Overseeing the whole enterprise at a discreet distance was Bennett's Little Red Machine, a group of Ontario associates for the William Duma campaign bus. One of the key players is Patrick Kennedy, a man who engineered the rough 18% campaign that returned Duma to majority government in Ontario. He is now Bennett's top strategist. The other Ontario recruits include Jerry Lawpert, a Tory organizer in eastern Ontario who is now the second party candidate, and Norman Specter, a deputy campaigner who was also with Davis. Power campaign organization, almost out the Soerens the last election. Now the nature specialists, backed by the major media, take by Toronto-based Tory pollster Allan Gregg, are boasting that it will not happen again—at least if Bennett goes when he is told.

—MALCOLM GRAY in Vancouver

ALBERTA

The Heritage of vested interest

Last spring Alberta Premier Peter Lougheed was worried: the province's economic boom was sliding into recession, the separatist Western Canada Concept had elected an M.L.A., and private polls showed the Conservatives slipping in popularity. Then, Lougheed led his 72 loyal MPs out among the voters and rubber chickens in hopes of getting back in touch with a province that he has ruled unchallenged for 11 years. The forays over, Lougheed

unemployment and help small businesses and homeowners. Those groups represent the middle-class backbone of Conservative support, and Lougheed has to retain their backing in order to stay in power.

As a result, Lougheed's program will, over the next two years, offer to raise mortgage payments to a rate of 11.5 per cent for as many as 285,000 homeowners—a move that seemingly intrudes on federal responsibility for monetary policy. These now paying 17.5 per cent interest on a \$45,000 mortgage, for example, will get a \$500 a month equity charge each month. At the same time, the rate for an estimated 115,000 farm and small-business loans will be cut to 14.5 per cent.

The cash injection had other potential for Lougheed as well. The swelling trust fund has been a growing problem for the premier, who faces criticism about a policy that permits the government to hoard billions of dollars while ordinary citizens suffer. Lougheed's announcement created a fustian atmosphere in Edmonton's plush Government House, where a small group of business leaders was invited to view the speech. His office also reported a "moderate" flood of calls the following day, all supporting the plan.

But opposition spokesmen, who have been pushing their own form of mortgage aid for months, were quick to see Lougheed's scheme a cynical, discriminatory and expensive pre-election giveaway. They charged that the assistance will give most help to comfortable homeowners and least to those in need. Critics also maintained that the plan will do little to stimulate house construction. For their part, business associations complained that the subsidies ignore rents that a million Albertans who rent their homes. Lougheed replied that he has indeed helped renters because his scheme will make it easier for them to buy—and that giving homeowners money to spend will boost the economy.

Despite the new program, Lougheed still strongly maintains that he does not like socialism. "The role of government is not to intervene," he said, "but there are special circumstances." Meanwhile, he visits Ottawa to cut interest rates across Canada, making his scheme more attractive. He visits, farmers, voters and politicians in the rest of the country—who have no Heritage Trust Fund—can only look on with envy and hope that mortgage rates will continue to fall by themselves.

—PETER GORDON in Edmonton



Lougheed: fruits of the summer quest

last week looked at hour of province-wide prime-time television to reveal the fruits of the summer quest.

The message was loud and clear: Lougheed dipped into the province's \$11-billion Heritage Trust Fund and came up with a heartening \$1-billion assistance program for hard-pressed mortgage holders. With as little as expected no later than next spring, Lougheed's plan was determined to avoid being hurt by a steep economic downturn. But more stimulus was needed, said Lougheed, in order to bring down record

A rare show of Arab unity



Shock waves from the siege of Beirut rolled up against the ancient walls of the Moroccan city of Fez last week, obliging the Arab world to put on a rare show of unity. After four days of talks behind the closed doors of Moroccan King Hassan's palace, a war-torn land of mountains, marble and minarets, 30 Arab leaders emerged with a Middle East peace plan based on proposals first made by Saudi Arabia's King Fahd last year. The eight-point plan, with its implied recognition of Israel's right to exist, could offer the basis for a Middle East solution. But it was clearly unacceptable to at least one other key player in the area—Israel.

No sooner had the accord been announced than as Israeli foreign ministry officials dismissed it as unwelcome. "The new so-called peace plan is even worse than the Saudi proposals," he said. "It would lead to the dismantling of Israel." The hard-line Israeli reaction echoed the tone of a series of official press conferences and actions during the week. For one thing, Defense Minister Ariel Sharon threatened to keep a 40-km zone in southern Lebanon clear of hostile forces at all costs. Then the Israeli cabinet defied a call by President Hafeez Reguibit to suspend its settlement program in the occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip by authorizing a further six. At the same time, after the Israeli parliament rejected Reguibit's proposals, Prime Minister Menachem Begin declared that he would hold a

general election next year, to be fought largely on the issue of the future of the occupied Arab lands.

Begin was clearly outraged by the American call for a fresh start in the peace process, based on the "legitimate rights" of the Palestinians. In an angry interview with the Israeli army magazine *Barak*, Begin accused Washington of gross interference in Israel's affairs. "Our American friends should remember that Israel is not Chile and I am not A. Pinochet," he fumed in a reference to former U.S. involvement in the

toppling of Chile's left-wing president in a 1973 coup.

Washington's reaction to Begin's charges was calculatedly cool and optimistic. The only hints of severity came in more direct statements against Syrian missile launches in the Bekaa Valley and Jerusalem's reluctance to withdraw from Lebanon. The removal of foreign troops should "go forward speedily," and state department spokesman Jels Hagler. For his part, Defense Secretary Casper Weinberger said, "retuning from a Middle East tour that included

Burnell (far) and King Hassan (left), Arafat implied recognition of Israel



Beirut, Jerusalem and Cairo, said that he was extremely concerned by Egyptian and Lebanese reactions to the Reagan peace plan. A senior Pentagon official who accompanied him underlined U.S. hopes that public opinion might force a softening of the Syrian line. "Israel being a democracy," he said, "there will be a debate within the country. This is not the end of the story, it is only this beginning."

Indeed, the reason for Begin's anger seemed to be Weinberger's action in providing a forum for opposition to Jerusalem's hard line both within and outside Israel. In the United States a poll conducted for the American Jewish Committee showed that 65 per cent of American Jews felt Washington should start talks with the PLO if it recognizes Israel and renounces terrorism.

In Fez the Arab secret leaders were as determined as Washington to tranquillize potentially fractious deliberations. The most spectacular event in four days of low-profile talks was the welcome reserved for PLO leader Yassir Arafat. A 50-gun salute thundered out as, revolver at his waist, head covered by his usual black-and-white keffiyeh, Arafat was greeted effusively by King Hassan. At the summit's conclusion, the leaders decided to take up detailed negotiations for a Middle East settlement in the United Nations. They called on the Security Council to give peace guarantees to "all states in the region," including an independent Palestinian state. The Arab leaders also sought a new Israeli cease-fire in the West Bank and Gaza. The PLO, they said, must lead the Palestinian self-determination process as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. President Reagan's proposals regarding government and a delegation plan to fly to Washington to clarify specific points.

As the summit closed, Hassan told Arafat, "Our total support for [the Palestinians] must make it possible for you to live a free life in your own country—Palestine." But that promise seemed somewhat optimistic because of Washington's lukewarm attitude to the PLO plan—Weinberger said it represented some progress, but "key elements are at variance with our proposals." Still, the proceedings at Fez had as much to do with images as with substance. They were designed to portray the Arabs as peace-seeking men of reason, in contrast to what one Arab diplomat called the "sublimely extreme" of the Reguibit cabinet. However short-lived the new-found Arab unity may prove to be, in the sphere of public relations Fez was a striking success.

—DAVID BAKER in Fez, with Michael Posner in Washington, Eric Silver in Jerusalem and Robin Wright in Beirut



Swiss police, with captured gunman, Warsaw linked the crisis to Solidarity

SWITZERLAND

The Colonel's missing motive

The crisis was handled in typical Swiss fashion—efficiently and without bloodshed. After a three-day siege, armed police stormed the Polish Embassy in Bern last week and seized four hostage takers who had demanded \$1.7 million, a passage to China or Albania and an end to martial law in Poland. Their prisoners, five Polish diplomats, escaped unharmed. But while the operation was deemed a total success by Swiss officials, it fanned the flames of controversy inside Poland. There the military government accused members of the dissident Solidarity trade union of engaging in terrorism. The banned trade union quickly disavowed any connection with the gunmen, who described themselves as members of the Polish Revolutionary Army. Solidarity officials were concerned that the embassy siege would be used to discredit all protests.

The crisis began on Sept. 4, when the gunmen walked into the embassy and took 13 Polish diplomats hostage. Over the ensuing 72 hours, Swiss police maintained constant telephone contact with the gunmen. The writing game paid dividends. First, three of the hostages were released. Then five more, including four women, were allowed to leave.

Meanwhile, security officials had pressed together a picture of the gunman's leader, who called himself Colonel Wyszski. He was identified as Florian Kruszyk, 42, a Polish refugee with a record of crime and espionage. After seeking political asylum in Austria in 1967, Kruszyk was jailed for passing in-

formation about fellow refugees to a Polish Embassy official in Vienna. In 1969 he and two other refugees burst into the home of a Viennese jeweler, also a refugee, and tortured him and his family for three days. Kruszyk received a nine-year sentence.

With Kruszyk's record in focus, Bern authorities felt it was too dangerous to allow the siege to continue. A precise plan of action was put into effect on the orders of Justice Minister Kurt Pungeler. Then, early last Thursday, commando teams placed on the front step exploded and blew open the front door. Austrian riot police rushed in, overpowered the gunmen and freed the hostages.

However, despite the stunning success of the mission, the hostage-taking raised questions about the safety of Switzerland's edgely cosmopolitan city. It also strained Bern's relations with Poland. The Swiss were fired by suggestions from the Polish regime that their police were incompetent. Warsaw was expected to ask for reparations if Kruszyk and his fellow terrorists are, as two countries have no extradition treaty, they will be tried under Swiss law.

That left an important question unresolved—Kruszyk's motive. An Austrian security service official voiced one theory: "Once a spy, always a spy." But a definitive answer will have to await Kruszyk's trial—and if his secretive background is any indication, he never may not even own one then.

—JAN GREER in Bern, with Joe Meisner in Vienna



JAPAN

The sun rises on nationalism

On the opening day Chairman Hu Yaobang carefully reminded delegates to the Chinese Communist Party's 12th congress in Peking of the historic fact that Japanese militarism have repeatedly unleashed waves of aggression on China. Then he added, "Some forces in Japan are whitewashing past facts and carrying out various activities in an attempt to revise Japanese militarism."

His widely shared concern is based on what he sees as a new mood of aggression in Tokyo. And on the surface, at least, recent developments in Japan support his view. For one thing, at the time that the chairman spoke, crowds of Japanese were lining up—hundreds of thousands—carrying pictures of war-torn prisoners. Hiroshima and Nagasaki were the main focus. The theme of the film is that the United States plotted to allow Japan to strike first at Pearl Harbor in order to wreck attempts by the Japanese cabinet to avert war. To drive the message home, the film shows moving scenes of the agony of Japanese soldiers and highlights

the "human side" of Tojo, executed as a war criminal in 1948.

That is not the only cause of alarm at the prospect of renewed militarism in Japan following the recent decision by Prime Minister Zenko Suzuki's government—at Washington's urging—to substantially increase defence spending. The ministry of education's decision to take down references in school history books to Japanese wartime

atrocities is another indication of what many observers see as a subtle shift of public opinion in favor of a more aggressive posture. In changing that, the government appears unable—or unwilling—to reverse the drift that was made clear from the administration's handling of the textbook issue. While attempting to assuage outraged feelings in China, South Korea and other countries over the controversy, the Suzuki government is determined not to change the revised wording. One Socialist politician was recently given a police guard after Posts and Telecommunications Minister Noboru Minowa branded him a "traitor" for "tripping over" China about the revisions.

Meanwhile, Japan's militarist past is being increasingly glorified. In addition to *The Empire of Greater Japan*, another movie soon due for release uses footage from the Far East Military Tribunal, which tried former Japanese leaders for war crimes, in order to show provisionally revised figures in a more sympathetic light. Not only that, but a monument has been erected to the memory of Tojo and six other Class A war criminals at the site in Tokyo where they were imprisoned and hanged. And a recently unveiled statue in Fukuoka, 140 km south of Hiroshima, extols the

Army Day parade (above); 'self-defence' troops' speed is increasing



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"Shattered War of Self-Survival and Self-Defense." Moreover, Nobuyuki Kishi, a convicted Class A war criminal who later became prime minister, is raising funds for a monument at the foot of Mount Fuji, sacred to the Shinto religion. The monument commemorates the former Japanese puppet state of Manchukuo (Manchuria). That short-lived exercise in Japanese colonialism, claims Kishi, was "an ideal state of five nationalities living in concord, in the utter absence of any colonial intent."

Kishi, whose son-in-law, Shintaro Abe, is the minister of international trade and industry, wields considerable influence on the right wing of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP). Ironically, his campaign for a monument at Fuji coincides with a call from the US House Rights Commission in Geneva for a full investigation into Japanese atrocities in Manchuria. Many of those were committed in the name of science during germ warfare experiments by the new infamous Unit 731. Several members of the unit attained prominent positions in the Japanese medical world



Susuzaki attending a war memorial service in Tokyo, a potent symbol of patriotism

after the war, protected by immunity granted by the United States in exchange for the knowledge that they had gained.

The new nationalism has flared in the wake of the government's large arms buildup. The program was introduced largely to meet vehement U.S. criticism

of the fact that Japan was able to avoid heavy defense expenditures because it could rely on Washington for its protection under the terms of the U.S.-Japan security treaty. Now, when the five-year arms plan is complete in 1988, Japan will have spent more than \$60 billion on defense and it will be the third-

largest nation in conventional weaponry (after Britain and France) among second-rank military powers. But already Japan is under pressure from Washington to make the next buildup even more ambitious.

The weapons program has put incredible strain on Japan's so-called "peace constitution," imposed at the end of the war by victorious U.S. Gen. Douglas MacArthur. As a result, the law wants to revise the constitution eventually and eliminate the unhelpful surrendering Japan's defense activities. Its armed forces still exist in a kind of euphemism, where the army is a "ground self-defense force" and a tank is a "special truck." While public opinion has gradually accepted the idea of Japan having its own armed forces, most people would probably like to see security stepped up, the prevailing "pacifist" of the electorate has been a major obstacle in the LDP's path.

To change the mood, the government has been firing up patriotism. It has encouraged that by reviving "leftist" passages in textbooks and by stressing nationalistic virtues at every opportunity. "Patriotism" by government leaders to Tokyo's Yasukuni Shrine, a potent symbol of nationalism before and during the war, have become a focus for critics and supporters of the official policy.

Whether or not the new national sentiment constitutes "militarism," as its charges, is still debatable. Analysts in Tokyo point out that China's current anti-Japan policy is partly prompted by a bitter struggle to bring about a revision to Taiwan by high-ranking LDP officials. But for many in the LDP, the present conflict is a foreign import, forced on Japan during the U.S. occupation, it is a simple matter of pride to see it resolved. Similarly, a great proposal to be submitted for the disclosure of war powers of the empire beyond, his constitutionally defined symbolic importance can also be seen merely as a patriotic posture.

But a future shift in the regional balance of forces in Japan's hour might stir Japanese ambitions to revise the old imperial charter as an "East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Not only that, but the arms buildup could generate its own momentum and be impossible to stop. As Japanese author Naoki Katsuragi wrote: "When a society needs a catastrophe, the catastrophe always seems remote. A war with the United States was simply beyond imagination. A war in East Asia in the nuclear age is even harder to imagine, but that something is hard to imagine is no guarantee that it will not occur." In the light of Japan's past, the Yasukuni is unlikely to be the only foreign observer to echo Kurokawa.

—PETER MCGILL in Tokyo



A sacrifice for Dalia Chessa and her wife: anger at a 'greater threat than terrorists'

ITALY

Striking back at the Mafia

When Gen. Carol Alberto Dalla Chiesa took up his fight against the Sicilian Mafia last May, he arrived in Palermo by boat. His most effective weapon, he theorized, would be "fantasy and imagination," a tactic he had used with success during his years as Italy's top terrorist fighter. But the murder of Dalia Chessa and his wife, Emanuela, by Mafia hit squads on Sept. 3 clearly indicated that the so-called "bearded society" was playing by different rules.

Last week, amid widespread outrage, the Italian government took a tough new line on organized crime, appointing veteran policeman Emanuele de Franco to succeed Dalla Chiesa. Not only that, but Prime Minister Giovanni Spadolini and his cabinet issued a decree that enables de Franco to tap Mafia informants, conduct bank records and demand full disclosure of assets of Sicilian companies bidding for public works contracts. As well, it is a sure shot of unity, the Italian parliament overwhelmingly approved a long-delayed bill that for the first time attacks the Mafia.

But the task before de Franco is immense. He is charged with cracking a giant underworld organization, which, in the past decade, has mushroomed from a small rural network of secret societies into a drug empire, overtaking the Mafia-based "French connection" as the principal heroin production and smuggling conduit to North America. And it is widely believed that many Sicilian politicians

and businessmen are tainted by Mafia involvement.

Law-enforcers have made little progress in tracking down Dalia Chessa's killers. But they believe that the murder was commissioned by the region's most powerful "family" in an attempt to consolidate its control and because authorities had uncovered a sweeping probe into the economic affairs of 3,500 suspected Mafias. The police efforts are being spurred by the rage of local residents. Angry Sicilians pushed government officials attending Dalia Chessa's funeral procession with small change, a loud gesture of disdain. Equally harsh in his criticism was Palermo's Salvatore Cuffaro, Pappalardo, who paraphrased Roman thinker Seneca: "While they talk and talk in Rome, Palermo is being destroyed." But the chief target of attack was Interior Minister Virginio Rognoni. It was Rognoni, together with Spadolini, who last May sent Dalla Chiesa to Palermo as prefect. But this summer Rognoni turned down the prefect's request for special powers, similar to those powers given last week to de Franco, that would have enabled him to coordinate operations throughout the island.

The maneuvering was an unprecedented Mafia challenge to central government authorities, an attempt for their loyalty in dealing with the underworld. With Roma's backing, Mafiosi are hoping that de Franco will not cut into a system that his predecessor once described as a greater threat than any terrorist organization.

—SARA ULIVERTY in Rome

THE UNITED STATES

An old warhorse in the New South

The burly has receded sharply, the skin is mottled with age. He is virtually dead, half blind, paralyzed from the waist down and frequently in pain. —The bitter legacy of an assassination attempt a decade ago still, as the result of last week's Democratic primary confirmed, George Wallace remains a political force to be reckoned with in the Deep South. He has an unimpaired bid for a fourth term as governor of Alabama, the 63-year-old Wallace topped a three-way field and captured 40 per cent of the popular vote. More surprisingly, the former segregationist—"segregation the new, segregation the same, support freedom," he vowed in his first inaugural address in 1963—captured fully a third of Alabama's black vote. Wallace now faces a runoff election on Sept. 28 against the state's lieutenant governor, George McMillan. The winner will meet Republican Sen. Dan Rostenkowski's go-to-bed mayor, on Nov. 2 "We're in a fight," the well-fetted Wallace told his campaign workers last week. "But I'm going to your governor again. I've always had a runoff and I've always won."

That is almost the truth. In fact, Wallace lost his first gubernatorial bid in 1964. He won in 1968 and 1970 before making his fateful run for the presi-

dency in 1972. It was during that campaign that Wallace was struck down by a would-be assassin Arthur Bremer and came close to death. But he survived, won the state house again in 1974 and now, eight years later, moving through the dusty, blue-collar towns of the South in his wheelchair, he is still able to touch the sensitive nerves of Alabama politics.

The rhetoric of racism is gone, of course—"segregation is wrong, and I don't want it to come back," he now says. But the strain of populism remains. The poor, the underprivileged, the unemployed, white and black alike—that is the New Wallace constituency.

Wallace campaigning, a last-lieft chance



ency. In a state with 34.5 per cent unemployment, second only to Michigan as the nation's most idle state economy, promises of more jobs for Alabamians strike a responsive chord. "The only governor you'll have who can talk to heads of corporations, who will be quoted by the national press, and who will get Alabama publicity and jobs," claims Wallace.

On populist issues—jobs, education, welfare—Wallace's record as governor is also exemplary. Says Ray Frederick D. Reese, a civil rights activist in the 1960s and now pastor of Selma's Ebenezer Baptist Church: "Meditation flourished under the Wallace administration. If you are totally objective and look at the results and achievements, I don't know of any other governor who can touch George Wallace's record."

Wallace still lacks support among white liberals, and his appeal among blacks is limited largely to rural areas. Alabama's black leadership endorsed opponent McMillan. Nevertheless, many Alabamians believe that Wallace stands an excellent chance of winning again. Republican Polkair is conservative in the Reagan mold, a former military officer who believes in law and order and aimed to win the governorship. He resembles, in fact, a latter-day version of the old George Wallace. By comparison, the 1982 model Wallace emerges as a political moderate. Ironically, that character may be enough to reborn Wallace's claims to his campaign workers and give him the fourth term he so clearly craves.

—MICHAEL POYNER in Washington

De Franco, challenged





COVER

The Menace of Everest

By Thomas Hopkins

It was 8:30 a.m., the time when the mountain was supposed to be quiet. Ten Nepalese Sherpas porters, hired by the first Canadian team to attempt to climb Mount Everest, joined six Canadian climbers as they struggled to carry loads of equipment through the Khumbu Icefall—a tortuous, shattered glacier that guards the approaches to Everest. The bears from their head lamps peered at the murreted ice and babbled as they walked. One thousand metres above them—high on the west flank of the mountain—a 1.8-m-deep crack appeared in the heavy mantle of fresh snow. Like a dark current of electricity, it sliced 35 km along the mountain's flank, and gravity raked the snow beneath it into a turbulent swirl of silent, unstoppable power. Three and a half kilometres along, the wind blast

from the slide shook tents in the Canadian base camp. Three Sherpas died; the body of only one has been recovered; the others will not likely ever reappear. Nepal's Mount Everest, at 8,848 m, the world's highest mountain, has always treated the pious attempts of men to reach its summit with disdain, and it appears to have packed the occasion of the Canadian Everest Expedition to firm men. In quick succession events occurred almost to end the 31-mile expedition that left Canada amid such fanfare and optimism on July 16. Two days after the deaths of the Sherpas, CBC cameraman and climber Blair Griffiths, 35, was killed by a collapsing ice tower in the Khumbu. Then, just work, two days after Griffiths' death, six of the 35-man climbing team chose to abandon the quest and return to Canada. Meanwhile, at home, a former expedition leader who had been dismissed from the team in Nepal before the climb

began threatened legal action and questioned the competence of the current leadership. The primary culprit in the ill-fated climb has been the weather. The traditional Nepalese summer monsoon rains were late in arriving and have hung as well into September. The result is that the Himalayas are loaded with tonnes of fresh, unstable snow, ensuring that the avalanche danger from the massive triangular-shaped block of Everest will remain high. At the same time, the three-kilometre-long Khumbu Icefall, which the Canadian team must negotiate to reach the true climbing, is constantly moving and mutually erratic. Says team business manager John Anand: "The Sherpas perceive the Icefall is more dangerous than it has been in many years." The team's diminished strength and troubles with the weather led organizers last week to abandon their plans to attempt an as-

centurion on the Khumbu Icefall (above left) and climbing bridging a crevasse (right). Bluffs: "I want to go calmly!"

centurion of the South Pillar route up the mountain in favor of the more certain terrain of the original South Col route used by Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay in the first ascent of Everest in 1953. The events so far were a tragic disappointment to a shifting cast of climbers and backers who have been working to organize the climb since permission was first granted by the Nepalese government in Roper Marak, 30, from Golden, B.C., in 1976. At that time Everest had seen many conquests (page 30) but never by a Canadian team. Major sponsorship for the mainly Western climbers was secured when Air Canada agreed to provide cash and free air travel up to an estimated total of \$600,000. Other Canadian sponsors provided food, climbing equipment and clothing in exchange for the opportunity to associate their product names with Mount Everest. Interest among sponsors was heightened when the team's promotional company, Canisearch, contracted a Toronto company, AdverTel Productions Ltd., to build a sophisticated television studio in the Nepalese capital of Kathmandu.



With help from Hitaite and Teleglobe Canada, the operation began transmitting expedition updates last week from the mountain via satellite. Team members will take special, half-kilogram television cameras high on the mountain in what would be a mountaineering first. The CBC was impressed by the potential of the communications and paid \$225,000 in cash and advertising commitments in August for exclusive TV rights to the climb. "The second ascent will be reached in the middle of the night, Canadian time," says Don Ferguson, CBC assistant director of news and public affairs. "We hope that the excitement will be enough to get people staying up, gazing at the prospect of seeing the first Canadian on Everest." Supporters waving their hands last week, however, as news of the tragedy on the mountain flared with painful slowness from technologically hampered Nepal. For some, though, it was too quick. The Vancouver family of Blair Griffiths and his girlfriend, Debby Sweeney, learned of his death on the radio rather than from the federal external affairs department. "It makes me angry," said Sweeney. "You can under-

PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

stayed the lack of communication, but it's a really muddy way to be informed."

When the full story did emerge, it was nothing if not dramatic. The team members had been honing their skills for the past two years and, when they left Canada in July, most were in matching dark and grey uniforms, they were fit and bounteous. In April, 30 tonnes of climbing equipment and food had preceded them to the Everest base camp, and the problems began almost at once. Baggage was misplaced, and Jim Kinney, 27, of Calgary, one of the team's strongest climbers, stumbled and injured his knee, which he injured a year. In order to arrive at Everest base camp by early September, the team had to trek for three weeks through the August Nepalese monsoon while hauling loads which included one of his exposed skin. After his entanglement, he was on the shoulder-strewn tongue of the Khumbu glacier below the Icefall, tragically struck quickly.

On Aug. 30, the mammoth avalanche swept away the Sherpas. Alvin buried was retaken disaster Rusty Balfie, 41, of Calgary. Wounded on his way out, he joined other climbers in digging for the buried Sherpas. Three hours later Sherpa Pansong Sonu was found.

As team doctor Stephen Buechler, 36, applied stretch to Buechler, Balfie climbed into a sleeping bag with the porter in an attempt to warm him with his own body heat. It was to no avail, and the body was taken down to base camp. From there it was carried to the tiny settlement of Lobuche, where Sherpas brought up firewood from the lowland forests. There, in a formal Buddhist ceremony, the body was placed in a funeral pyre and cremated.

The following day Griffiths, Balfie and 20-year-old Calgary midweight Dave Read re-entered the Icefall to repair the route damaged by the avalanche and retrace the search for the bodies of the two missing Sherpas. While they were there, the ice river of the Khumbu shifted, toppling a house-sized block of ice. Balfie later told Calgary Herald reporter Bruce Patterson, "When I started to go, I



Everest (left), Polish South Polar route (red), South Col route (yellow) climbs behind South Polar to summit

thought, okay, this is it, I want to go really early in the morning, but Griffiths did not. Balfie was then forced to rescue Read from a crevasse and search for the body of Griffiths.

Following the second accident, expedition leader Bill March, 46, of Calgary, argued over whether to cancel the climb. "It's not for me to order men to commit their lives to something that is not necessary," he told team members

already placed there in a memorial to Sherpas killed on Everest over a period of 30 years. They sit on a knoll above the Khumbu glacier, which carves up a valley crowned by Everest and her two sister peaks, Lhotse and Nuptse. "For a climber," says Ansett, "there can be few better places to be laid to rest."

As the six climbers made their way to Kathmandu by foot last week, second team doctor Dave Jones, suffering from the headaches and nausea of altitude sickness, left with the six. March dispatched Ansett to Kathmandu, along with film and news reports by Herald correspondent Patterson, to apply to the Nepalese ministry of tourism for permission to change routes to the South Col. For several days Ansett was the team's only link with Canada, and the nation watched riveted as an exhausted Ansett told *The Journal's* Barbara Freeman about the tragedy and observed the mountains was throwing against the team. "We want the Canadian people to know that we are not madmen," he said, announcing that the climb would continue. "We intend to proceed with the utmost caution."

Ansett's statement was also deemed to respond to charges by former team leader Marshall that the six climbers had left the expedition because of lack of confidence in the expedition's leadership. Marshall, who had

(cont. on page 12)



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Canadian climber crossing a stream at foot of Everest: 'something inside responds'

Historic paths to glory

It was a surveyor poring over his trigonometry tables, not a trendy adventurer, who first discovered the highest mountain on earth. But since the Great Trigonometric Survey of India started in 1802 that Peak IV on the frontier of Nepal and Tibet—later named Mount Everest after British surveyor Sir George Everest—stood 8,848 m above sea level, it has become the ultimate challenge for mountaineers and a metaphor for human aspiration.

Not until this century, however, did anyone think seriously of putting a climber on top of the world. Before then the subarctic and patetically hostile terms of the Himalayas ruled it out. But after the First World War the idea of the climb gained momentum in Britain, where the conquest of Everest was seen as a glorious epitaph to a century of global conquest.

Fired by the reports of explorers, a massive British fund-raising campaign, led by *The Times*, launched three successive forays to the mountain, the last involved an expedition of six mountaineers with 350 support staff in 1953. Leaving seven thousands and Blaise, George Mallory, a passionate and eccentric climber (he coined the famous "because it is there" reply) and a younger associate, Andrew Irvine, set out from the base camp north of the mountain. Noel Odell, a fellow climber, last spotted the two tiny figures heading upward less than 300 m from the top. But a mist descended, and they were never seen

again. No one knows how they died or whether they reached the top.

Twenty-one years and five failed attempts later, the British, armed with sophisticated gear and oxygen equipment, made another massive assault on Everest, this time from Nepal, to the south. On the clear sunny morning of May 29, 1953, New Zealander Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay approached the peak. Hillary wrote later: "I looked upwards to see a narrow snow ridge craning up in a snowy summit. A firm snow whop of the ice was in the air and we were in the top."

The historic conquest marked the beginning of an Everest onslaught. Since then more than 300 people have made it and 50 have died trying (figures are incomplete because of scanty knowledge about the Chinese and expeditions from the north). Out of about 58 attempts, 25 have succeeded. The Everest climb, colored by fustian from the start (Odell wrote that "Mallory and Irvine had died to keep alive the spirit that made the British Empire"), became a meat for any nation out to prove itself in the past 50 years. Britain-

land, the United States, India, Korea, Japan, Chile, Yugoslavia, Austria, France and Poland have all launched successful expeditions. No Canadian has ever reached the top, although Stuart Beasme made a disputed solo attempt in 1947.

As the summit roster grew, climbers sought distinction by pursuing ever more daring variations on Hillary's classic South Col route. "Hillary's feat by conjuring up new routes for Everest is inexhaustible," wrote Everest survivor Peter Boardman, who, along with Joe Tasker, died last May trying to push a new route up the mountain's southeast ridge, near where Mallory and Irvine may have perished. Among the infatigues were the U.S. conquest of the West Ridge in 1963 and the British success on the treacherous south-west face in 1975. Between the south-west face and the South Col route is a knife-edged gap called the South Pillar, rising almost to the summit. The Polish expedition of 1989, which set new records for winter endurance, climbed the South Pillar, and Canada had hoped to make its mark on an untamed variation of the Polish route.

The current Canadian expedition was modelled on the traditional "crag" style of mountaineering, with a large team, ample support staff and large base camp. In recent years, however, the trend has been to smaller, Alpine-style expeditions in which climbers go it alone or in small teams, carrying all they need on their backs. The ultimate expression of that style was a daring solo ascent of Everest from the north by Italian Reinhold Messner in 1980 without oxygen. Two years earlier he and Austrian Fritz Hurner had reached the summit via the South Col without oxygen—a feat previously considered next to impossible. "I felt like God," said Messner.

Despite the many successes, the summit has retained its danger and its allure. Nepal permits only three expeditions a year, and the mountain is booked solid through the 1990s. For those who still cannot quite see the point, the last word belongs to Mallory: "If you cannot understand that there is something else inside that responds to the challenge of the mountain and goes out to meet it, that the struggle is the struggle of life itself, then you won't understand why we go."

—GILLIAN MCKAY in Toronto

Summitless Tenzing



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State-owned railway in Mexico, López Portillo (below): the world's biggest debtor despite a wealth of natural resources

BUSINESS

The Mexican dream suddenly sours

By Linda McQuale

The dark-suited bankers assembled in Toronto last week, Mexico was clearly not believing in a desperate nation should it be bad enough that in the past few years the country had gone on a spending binge that had left it \$80 billion (U.S.) in debt. But Mexico also had the nerve to ask the International Monetary Fund for a \$4-billion emergency loan and then boast the organization by nationalizing private banks and imposing exchange controls—measures directly contrary to the fund's policies.

At the Toronto meeting the IMF sent a clear signal of its disapproval by suspending \$7.95 billion in emergency aid earmarked for the country. Still, Mexico showed no sign of relenting on its public determination to keep currency from leaving the country. Late last week some officials in northern Mexican border towns were not even letting tourists out. (Americans had been slipping across the border and making up on them with their valuable U.S. dollars.)

With Mexico poised on the brink of bankruptcy, the IMF is in a good position to extract concessions. But the country does have one trump card which is not lost on the astute bankers—if Mexico

declared bankruptcy, it might take a good part of the world banking system with it.

Mexico has emerged as the most profitable of the international spendthrifts, but it is certainly not alone. In fact, the growing debt burden of the Third World is shaping up to be one of the world's most pressing global problems. Last week Argentina approached the IMF for \$4.8 billion to help it with a \$36-billion debt. And, in a dramatic move, Bolivia's central bank announced that it was postponing a \$16-million payment due on a syndicated loan of \$400 million from foreign banks. Altogether, Third World countries have outstanding debts, mostly to private banks, of roughly \$600 billion. With high interest rates forcing those countries to come up with \$75 billion a year in interest payments alone, owners elsewhere at the conference last week, that as many as 30 developing nations face imminent financial collapse.

But Mexico's financial dilemma, in particular

striking because the country is not yet national monsoon six years ago that sudden discovery of massive oil stocks seemed to thrust a silver spoon into Lázaro's mouth at a time when most other Third World nations were grappling with staggering energy costs and crippling inflation.

But, ironically, oil turned out to be a problem in itself. Like an overambitious lottery winner, Mexico embarked on a spending spree in a desperate attempt to outpace itself into the developed world. With the vast Mexican reserves as a kind of collateral, private banks from around the world rushed forward to finance the binge at hefty interest rates. Flush with cash, Mexico expanded its bureaucracy, launched mega-projects that put millions to work and doubled its foreign debt in three years.

Then, last summer, the Mexican spending began to run into trouble. A drop in world oil prices left Mexico suddenly short of cash. But, instead of cutting back, it had to keep borrowing in



an attempt to sustain growth and deal with its \$15-billion current account deficit. Finally, a dramatic run on the peso in August prompted outgoing President José López Portillo to impose currency controls. Then, early this month, he nationalized domestic banks. Exploring his resources in an emotional speech, López Portillo blamed the financial disaster on banks and well-to-do Mexicans who had "looted" the country of more than \$38 billion by siphoning their money abroad.

But if Mexico's spendthrift behavior had landed it in trouble, international bankers helped fuel the crisis by continually extending more credit. Just how much the banks will suffer for their mistakes, however, remains unclear. Canadian banks alone have an estimated \$5 billion at stake.

The financial crisis could have dramatic political implications. The situation is potentially volatile already. One of Mexico's self-proclaimed security mantras was to reduce subsidies on basic food items—a highly unpopular step in a country where the minimum wage amounts to an average monthly salary of \$85. So far, however, Mexico has managed to pass the cooperation of labor and the left, which has been plagued by the bank nationalizations and currency controls. Although manual workers are expected to lose 20 per cent of their buying power by Christmas because of inflation, the nation's powerful labor leaders, Fidel Velázquez, announced last week that he would give the government four months of freedom from pay demands. Mexico also appears anxious to head off dissatisfaction from another quarter—the army.

Despite the financial crisis, the government somehow came up with the funds earlier this month to quietly stop pension increases to its personnel.

No matter how Mexico weathers the crisis, it already has lost some of its clout in its dealings with the United States. While most American nations went traditionally more deep in Mexico, a particularly raw nerve was touched last month when Mexico obtained two confidential U.S. state department memos that pointed enthusiastically to some of the advantages of the Mexican con-



Poor in the streets: boom years had little impact on jobs

tin. Washington has been angered by Mexico's support for Cuba and by El Salvadoran guerrillas and by its willingness to endorse U.S. support for right-wing dictatorships in Latin America. "With the wind out of its sails," one of the memos said, "Mexico is less likely to be adventuresome in its foreign policy and less critical of ours."

By the most important change may be Mexico's knocking under to American oil demands. Washington wants no Latin American neighbor to sell it more oil, partly to limit the control of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries on U.S. supplies. Mexico has resisted suit of a desire not to squander its resources too quickly or grow too dependent on the market. But last month, in desperation, Mexico agreed to increase its exports to the United States

by 110,000 barrels a day to pay for a \$1-billion emergency loan from Washington. The implications of the deal go beyond Mexican-American relations. By adding more oil to the already flooded market, Mexico will only help drive the price of oil down. Commenting Washington energy analyst Philip Verleger, "The Mexican situation is going to wage substantially lower oil prices for the rest of the decade."

Even if an IMF loan can be worked out, so get Mexico through its crisis, it will do little to change Mexico's fundamental development problems. Albert Berry, an economist at the University of Toronto, suggests that the whole development strategy used by such countries as Mexico had fostered by loans from private bankers does little to alleviate the fundamental problems of poverty. For one thing, by spending heavily to improve transportation and communication systems, a country does little to benefit its poorest. Berry suggests that there might be more general benefit in saving those funds to build up agriculture and small labor-intensive industries.

In fact, Mexico's widely hailed boom years of the late 1970s and early 1980s have had little impact on the approximately 30 million Mexicans who are more or less permanently unemployed. Around Mexico City alone, several million squatters live at a miserable subsistence in a shanty town without electricity, police protection or clean water. While bankers remain locked in negotiations over loans, more than 95 per cent of Mexicans do not earn enough money even to have a bank account.

Private bank closed by government takeover: looting IMF policies



Along a fountained promenade in Mexico City's Alameda Park, 27-year-old Maria Hernández sat one afternoon last week beside her collection of coral jewelry, waiting for a tourist or businessman to stop and make a purchase. Asked her feelings about the banking crisis, she replied, "What's a bank?"

What matter what direction the current crisis takes, it is unlikely that she is ever going to find out.

With Clifford Kopp and Ronald Buchanan in Mexico City, Susan Barry in New York and William Newlin in Washington.

Imperial in the witness-box

There is nothing hasty about Canadian antitrust investigations. It has been nine years since federal investigators raided 11 oil companies across the country and seized some 120,000 documents to start their long scrutiny of the petroleum industry. It was more than a year ago that they released their reports: seven volumes alleging that uncompetitive and sometimes collusive practices had inflated consumers of billions of dollars be-

tween 1958 and 1973. For nearly a year the restrictive trade practices commission has been holding periodic hearings as that report lit last week the issue was coming to a head. Imperial finally had a chance to begin rebutting the report's findings before the commission. And, in a separate development, it was learned that the oil giant has been charged under a criminal section of the Competition Investigation Act following a complaint last month that it illegally

refused gas to an independent Ontario service station.

If the charge was a setback for Imperial, the company nevertheless made the most of its appearance before the commission. It counterattacked with a three-volume submission rich in vigorous invective against the report prepared by Robert J. Bertrand. He had alleged that Imperial and other Canadian subsidiaries had conspired with their foreign parent companies to keep the price of crude oil imports artificially high, fattening parents' profits and forcing higher prices on Canadians. Imperial retorted that such allegations "are, without exception, utterly false" and that the Bertrand report was filled with "a multitude of errors" and had advanced a calculation of foreign crude prices that was "so distorted and incomplete as to bear no similarity to the actual market and actual events."

Central to Bertrand's thesis was that Imperial—Canada's largest oil company—ran its business under the control of its majority shareholder, Exxon Corp. Because of that, Bertrand argued, Imperial was a captive customer for Exxon's foreign crude and paid the transfer prices that Exxon set. That charge, replied Imperial, showed "a thorough misunderstanding of the subject [of transfer prices]." Testifying in person, Imperial President Jean-Louis Gosselin said Imperial continues to buy oil from Exxon's worldwide pool not because it must but because the pool offers the best combination of price and supply reliability. In any case, foreign and domestic policies have since changed. Imperial's buying habits, Ottawa has announced the company into buying some 10,000 barrels daily from Petro-Canada's Montreal imports, and Venezuela has required it to buy some 40,000 barrels directly from that state oil company rather than through Exxon.

Of more pressing interest now are the company's domestic marketing practices. According to affidavits with the federal bureau of competition policy, Imperial will appear in a Toronto court on Sept. 24 on charges that it refused to supply gas to an independent operator in rural Ontario because of the station's low-price policy. Not only that, but at commission hearings next month Gordon Kaiser, the government's lawyer, will introduce other evidence intended to show that the big oil companies sometimes control retail prices through commitment arrangements with dealers and that independent marketers sometimes cannot get gasoline or heating oil from the big refiners. Imperial is expected to argue its case vociferously. But the company clearly faces a very tough task.

—JOHN HAY in Ottawa.

Lamenting a world in tumult

Tim Glasen, the bluff, no-nonsense American who heads the World Bank, was asked in Toronto last week if it is a safe bet that the flow of money from the rich countries to the poor will continue unabated over the next decade. "I don't think anything is safe over the next decade," he replied—and Glasen is considered an optimist. But hope was the rarest commodity of all at the annual meetings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund which concluded in Toronto on Sept. 6. Many of the 68 speeches sounded like funeral orations for the world economy. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau caught the mood perfectly in his brooding opening speech—an address packed with which he crafted himself as his Harrington Lake retreat in the dying days of his summer holiday. It continued not a trace of humor, dwelling instead on "these deeply troubling times." His thoughts were echoed in other addresses. Asked American Finance Minister Rossa Givens, "How bleak is the world future now?"

Few delegates at the huge convention hall in Ottawa in the dreary evening, instead, they bled in private meetings. Third World delegates worried about cutbacks in the bank's no-interest

loan program, and Latin American countries worried about bankruptcy. At the same time, a confidential bank document pointed to an increasingly conservative political stance by the organization over their past, rich nations stashed about inflation and unemployment. At the same time, Toronto hotel lobbies became a swirl of silver hair, black suits and gold jewelry. Indeed, a few hundred delegates snatched the five wine and lovely young band at a bank hosted by the Ontario government that they partied on long after closing time. The bank's very proper managing director, Jacques de Larosière, even directed a few flirtatious remarks at a female photographer.

But evening will—and does—come. At the last day of the conference brought a glimmer of good news. Thirty-two of the 38 countries that belong to the bank's International Development Association (IDA) agreed on a formula to keep independent income flowing to the poorest of the poor countries, at least until mid-1984. The outstanding holdout is the United States, the country that precipitated the funding crisis with a recent cut of some \$200 million from the contribution it had promised to IDA. Under the new "Toronto agreement," 20 countries have pledged to increase their regular contributions to IDA, notwithstanding the U.S. shortfall. Six others—led by Canada and France—will contribute to IDA through a special fund. The monies will be administered by the bank and directed toward the very poor countries. The only difference is that U.S. firms and those from a few other countries that don't contribute will not be allowed to bid on the contracts it hands out. "This is a symbol of progress, really," said one Canadian finance official who

worked on the deal, "a mild rebuke to the Americans." Behind the stilted language and cordial statements heralding the Toronto agreement lurked a good deal of hostility. For one thing, two of the largest potential donors to the special fund—West Germany and Britain—will not be



Glasen, dreary IDA

worked on the deal, "a mild rebuke to the Americans." Behind the stilted language and cordial statements heralding the Toronto agreement lurked a good deal of hostility. For one thing, two of the largest potential donors to the special fund—West Germany and Britain—will not be

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By English Day
by Sandra Park

Former finance minister Allan Rock, Bank of Canada Gov. Gerald Bovey and Deputy Finance Minister Ian Stewart at the meeting; hope was rare

contributing their full share to NATO, Britain because it doesn't have the money and West Germany because that powerful nation has developed a lukewarm attitude toward the agency. "There is a bit of a fig leaf covering a couple of contributors," said the Canadian official.

There is also a legacy of resentment that lodes (B) for the 100 meetings that start in November, when members will discuss how much money they will give the fund for the 1984 to 1987 period. Many of the rich Western countries feel that the United States left them alone to face the wrath of the Third World. If the passivity of the Reagan administration and the U.S. Congress continues, many donors will be reluctant to

will not be a gain, Canada, which contributed \$230 million a year, has already indicated that there will be no real increase in that amount next time around. Others may even be contemplating pulling back because of domestic problems. Still others, according to World Bank Vice-President David Hopper, are shifting away from the bank and toward bilateral aid. Says Hopper: "The basic argument is that with bilateral aid you can plant the Maple Leaf all over and take credit for Canada, whereas with multilateral aid it's a World Bank project."

The trend toward bilateral aid has drawn fire from critics who fear that donor countries will rule out loans to leftist governments. But critics also charge that the bank—despite its decisions—also takes political considerations into account. That allegation is given some credence by a confidential bank report on Nicaragua, Latin America's

the decreased role of the private sector in the country's economy and the "unknown but probable poor efficiency of the state industries," the report urges enthusiasm and delays in loan to the Saudi government.

Grim at the news was far from optimistic. Lebanon, at least, received some relief last week. Clausen said that the bank, at the request of the Americans and with the polite approval of the six other "straw" countries, would be sending a team to Beirut. Meanwhile, debt-ridden Argentina also found its trip to Toronto worthwhile: the IMF has agreed to send a team to Buenos Aires to try to find a way of preventing the giant Latin American economy from tanking.

Perhaps the only ungranted option to emerge from Toronto last week was based on what did not happen. There were no kidnappings, kidnappings were not threatened, and there was no talk that may have been more a mark of lack than diagnosis. Despite the body-two about security arrangements and the army of rear-eyes that stalked the major hotels, the security needs of the delegates were not met. In the Franco-Marxist left, a street demonstration in front of the Sheraton Centre, wandered unchanged onto a "secure" upper floor and questioned delegates about the meetings. On the far left, a group of 100 or more supporters of the supposedly heavily guarded Turkish delegation. And, in the ultimate indignity, South Korean bank president Chang-Nak Kim reported that news staffs came to a breakfast table with a note that said "no press." —JESSE KATZ in Toronto

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January 1995, 1995 is the present. Despite its association with socialism and unity, some communist-subsidized parties received several hundred to thousands of votes of support and a large number of the present leaders are exiles.

have to accept the fact that performance
 declined. For example, when a child
 drops the library magazine and starts
 weeping at the sight of the empty page,
 he is being hit by the reality of a failure.
 As a teacher, you have to accept the
 child as he is, and the education is
 the work of adults and professionals
 interacting with the child. It is not the
 role of children to learn the principles of
 literature. You have to make the topic
 useful within their culture, abilities and
 development. In teaching, you
 will not be concerned for just standards
 but of the child.

[illegible]

THE LEGEND LIVES ON

Our economic herpes is catching

By Peter C. Newman

Watching a gaggle of transatlantic-looking delegates to the International Monetary Fund meetings in Toronto last week, I had a mischievous thought. Instead of squabbling against the economic free traders coming down around us, maybe we should give the guest, turn the World Bank over to Jack Gallagher, and set what remains of the international credit system loose on the Benefact. It could hardly make things worse.

For more than a week the international newsmenlanders wrestled with plummeting South American credit balances, Winston's chicken liver plot, Eastern Bloc delinquent sales, York Club smoked salamis, the repelling of exhausted African currencies, Ontario car, threats of U.S. intervention and these tiny Cashmere Baggot boys of soap that Toronto hotels inflict on their guests. Gladly men with anatomical bodies (wearing plastic light-up badges to reveal themselves who they are), these bankers to the world are no different from the street-corner variety found in small Canadian towns. Fiscal father confessor to us all, they went about their conference with the self-conscious evasiveness of representative citizens at a Presbyterian synod. Never peevish and seldom impatient at the beginning of the meetings, they were adamantly seeking their answering faith in the system.

By the time the conference ended (minutes agreeing only to issue their support levels and to meet again in some more exotic clime) that faith had been more than a little shaken. The nervous conversationers were muttering like Mexican jumping beans whenever one of that country was mentioned. Consider gossip from the U.S. delegation claimed that over breakfast one morning a consortium of U.S. banks hastily dispatched the Mexican government \$5 billion in emergency credits. The amount was used up between coffee and lunch, and the Mexicans were demanding another shipment of greenbacks the very same day. With aggregated loans of \$10 billion, Mexico now boasts a debt load equivalent to 18 Donnie Petroskiens, according to President Jose Lopez Portillo's ministerial membership in Calgary's Casino Club.

But the golden had its bright side, too. Contrary to what most Canadians believe, not all the world's troubles are Trudeau's fault. Even if his pronounced

ment on *The Betty Kennedy Show* ("We will not beat out Dime") joins the incoherence of great moments in Canadian politics (along with "We have wrestled isolation to the ground" and "Allan Meekins's record speaks for itself"), the prime minister made a creditable impression, maneuvering with carefully handpicked delegates from nations where there is no bounty on his scalp.

A superficial glance at the record of countries whose economic performance ranks below Canada's (Ghana? the Seychelles? Albania?) confirms that to

raise the world safe for Lenin, Lebrun—are as dead as Margaret's morning vows. The ideal of equalizing opportunities by redistributing the contents of the federal treasury has run out of money and credibility. No longer—to paraphrase the illustrious late Texas politician Sam Rayburn—will special interest groups be able just to "stand there, blocking the lane tube the day it rains gold."

The voracious gargantuan who ran the International Monetary Fund have a sense for the economic large trucking as what we are suffering from, it turns out, is "a self-defending liquidity crisis." That sounds like a stock milking machine, but what it really means is that, instead of a run-of-the-mill recession (which corrects itself as inventories of goods are exhausted and people start buying again), we are into something very different. Consumers, companies and governments are having to borrow more and more to pay off the interest costs on already blasted interest charges. That is a process that counteracts the longer it continues. Bank of Montreal Chairman William Mulholland estimates that 80 per cent of Canada's corporate revenues already go to pay off past debts. Recovery will take place just as soon as major investments start up again. And, of course, major investments will start up again—just as soon as the recovery takes place.

It's a Catch-22 world.

Canada is particularly vulnerable because our industrial productivity ranks on second lowest among the 16 industrialized nations assessed by the OECD. Productivity seems to be less an economic than a national phenomenon, and comparisons with Japan are inevitable. As Japan's output per employee grows exponentially, or very early United Auto Workers are busy performing a quasi-Japanese ceremony called *hara-iri*.

It may be cold comfort, but at least the bankers' meetings in Toronto proved that we are not alone, that most of the world is going through nothing less than a fundamental rearrangement of its economic lines of force. The deflations will come only later, when the true nature of the phenomenon is revealed. Meanwhile, we are living through a historic disjuncture. Generations from now events will be dated not—as they have been for the past three decades—from 1945, but from 1982. This is the year that is finally closing off the post-war period. And nothing will ever be the same again.



Trudeau at IMF meeting, and of an air

blame Trudeau for the ongoing mess we're in is a little like blaming a broken lightning rod for the burning barn. The recent stock market rally and the fall in interest rates have not made the odds and bolts of the Canadian economy fit any better. Despite its best efforts to make the worst of a bad situation, the fault is not Ottawa's alone.

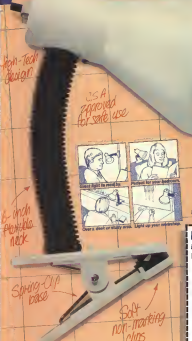
At the same time, everyone but its menials now realize that we are already deep into the post-Trudeau era. That administration's dominant ideologies—to appease the regions and to

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Golf, ahem, and the sporting life

By Trent Frayne

Sport is a young man's game, and a young man's game at that. Accordingly, your agent has been seeking a pasture for fat old folks, and, at long last, an appropriate one has surfaced: golf.

It's true that people have been beating the tiny golf ball with a long stick for a while (still, tall choovooies seldom arrive overnight, and it took time to recognize that golf is not just a good way for fat old people to put in their fading years, but also that golf is a long walk and, like bird-watching, keeps them out of bedrooms, but golf, to say it again, is not a sport).

Three grave choovooies worked their way through your agent's brain: the other day when a couple of kids on the tiny screen lumbered along the landscape all afternoon seeking the first prize in something called the World Series of Golf, Graviton and winning through four extra holes, Craig Stadler, who wears jewels on his goatee, shaded Ray Flynt, who has turkey wattles on his hips, and thereby won \$100,000.

About the same time, out in Salt Lake City, Billy Casper shot a course-record seven-under-par 60 to win a seniors' tournament ahead of Willie Butler, who delivered a final-round 58. Right after that, Jackane Garner outshined an underdog on the final green to win her third straight tournament.

The thing is, all of these record-breakers are either old or fat or both. They are not athletes, and what they are preoccupied with is not a sport. At best they are outdoor stockbrokers or negotiating blackjack players. Pretty to what? Is it Fantasy Island?

How can anyone examine these chubby winners and call them athletes and those who play a sport? Stadler is likely to emerge as milder of the year for winning the Masters and the aforementioned World Series, but look at him. His belly is out to here over his belt, his cheeks are rounder than a kangaroo's mouth, his knees clank, his thighs wobble and he has a nosebridge larger than a bird's nest. It is not far nothing the guy is called the Walrus.

Next, Ray Flynt. Your agent caught up to him a spring or two ago at the Shegman course near Jacksonville, Fla. The week before, Raymond had won the Donald at Miami. When he won at Shegman he collected the \$72,000 prize and

an extra \$300,000 as a bonus for winning two of Florida's three winter events—\$322,000 for eight days of walking the Florida flats. Raymond is of such a connoisseur that you'd bet against him betting a fat lady to a seat on the bus, but then, he sat, helping over his slacks, telephoning his daughter in Miami: "Are you proud of your daddy?" Raymond beamed, eyes disappearing into red apple cheeks.

And then there were Billy Casper and Miller Barber crucifying par in Utah. Between them they are 158 years of age and more than 400 pounds of meat, depending on the current Casper means. Once, Billy knocked off 30 pounds pursuing an exotic diet of lizard and medium-rare buffalo burgers. His peer Tommy Bell remarked that Billy wasn't adjusted to the human race in his native San Diego unless he wore a muzzle.

Jackane Garner? No inkblends intended, but Jackane is not a 50, she will never see 40 again, and she is the best damned golfer ever, outshining guys.

So much for golf for golfers. Golf for spectators is also a disaster and should

not be considered a sport because it's impossible to witness it in the flesh. Go, television, okay you sit there with your feet up, and, except for the monotonous tellers telling you the ball has gone into the cup after you have seen the ball go into the cup, golf has certain creature comforts. Such as a nearby toilet and a nearby car.

At the golf course, after you have paid upward of \$34 to park two kilometers from the entrance, you are not allowed to avail yourself of the indoor plumbing because you are not allowed into the clubhouse. What you get, along with the links, are enclosed, portable, see-holes, what they call Jakap-on-the-spot. Also what you get are fairways flanked by occasional tents which dispense warm cold drinks, cold hot dogs and processed cheese sandwiches at \$12 each.

What happens on the course when you're spectating is that you can't see. In the old days you couldn't see because the golfers were always surrounded at the loss by huge horseshoe rings of people peering into the backs of people in front, and you couldn't see the fairway shots because stampedes of humans used to charge across the lawns as soon as the guy they couldn't see as the tee had teed off. And if you crowded along the grass between people's legs as you could see a short, a guy wearing an ascot and carrying a long bamboo fishing pole stabbed you with the fishing pole and told you to stand still (or, in this case, lie still).

Recognizing that people who paid \$4,000 or so for a weekly ticket ought to be allowed to see the performers, the tournament committees have devised the scheme of disposing with marshals and their fish poles and staking off the fairways and greens with yellow plastic cord beyond which an spectator dare tread without fear of expulsion, intrusion and possible deportation.

So who needs to walk the fairways in the wake of the fat old golfers anyway? Nobody, except that the plastic yellow cord is strong so as to produce tension at least as much as the Chicago Bulls for the strolling players while confining the herds of onlookers to a hinterland of trees, tall grass, holes, groundhogs and other fauna.

And in the distance the tiny figures of the golfers are just barely visible if they happen to be wearing shirts of rainbow violet with pistachio pants.

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Although **Chaplaine** prefers the stage, this autumn the actor decided to forgo live applause to star in a five-part television series called *A Vatican Story*, directed by **Jerry Lewis**. The first series, in which **Plamondon** portrays Col Herbert Kappler, a German SS service commander, and **Gregory Peck** portrays an Irish missionary, will be aired this winter. The drama is based on the true story of the struggle between the missionary, who attempts to hide hundreds of Allied soldiers in Rome during the Second World War, and Kappler, who is ordered to break up the partisan network. Asked why he chose the project, **Plamondon** replied that he was excited by author **David Butler's** "exceptional" script. "I play Kappler, but it is not the Kappler one would expect," **Plamondon** declared. "One sees a human side, a Kappler who believes, yet sometimes doubts." The show's many delicate scenes—many are particularly revealed in scenes with two young Canadian actors who play his children—**Carolee**, 11, and **Isaac Murdoch**, 4. Filming took place in Rome, where the Vatican council "reluctantly" opened its gates to allow the crew to shoot scenes with **John Gielgud** as Pope Pius XI.



Plamondon and the Murdoch sisters had a sensitive SS daddy

"My goal is to be angry about the injustices and harshness of the past—and yet be funny about Jewish history, ritual and our fables." Assuming the book finds a ready audience, Gould is already planning its sequel. His next project—a book on Catholics—is that, if he can find a willing confessor.

Rarely since the celebrated "Yiddie Yiddie" of his early political career.

Disput (left): Gould's unimpeachable humor



Offended by the type of humor that reinforces Jewish stereotypes—What does a Jewish grandma really do? Dinner? *Shmooches*? Toronto journalist **Allan Gould** is offering an alternative. The *Unorthodox Book of Jewish Records and Lists*. The irreverent book, which is an off-the-wall, sometimes send-up of the *Garrison Book of World Records* and *David Wainwright's The Book of Lists*, was compiled in collaboration with **Denny Siegel**, an American poet, and Toronto illustrator **Gardner Shaw**. While the book may not amuse traditional scholars and rabbis, it could tickle the interests of Jews and gentiles alike with its offbeat humor. For instance: What's the worst kosher food of all? Sour cream with sour cream topping. Although sensitive to his own Jewish roots, Gould, 38, is confident that his brand of humor will not offend either Jews. "There are not Polish jokes told by the enemy," says Gould, recording that the 366 pages of lists and records (perhaps a handful might be considered unkosher

over has **Flora Trudeau** been under such sustained pressure to defend his bad-boy antics. In an interview last week on *CTV's Canada AM*, Trudeau launched an emotional justification for his now famous, middle-fiddle finger gesture of contempt for a group of protesters gathered at trial-site in the U.S. municipality of Salomon. And last month Trudeau would not actually confirm the photographed incident, challenging interviewer **Fannie Wells** to prove that it had ever happened. But he did concede that he was annoyed to see demonstrators outside his residence shortly after 8 a.m. on the first morning of his two-week holiday. Said Trudeau: "It was the first day of my vacation and I thought, 'My God, I'm going to be bugged at vacation.'" His handlers are backing on to more provocations during the PM's fall offensive on behalf of six-and-five restraints. They are slating him into selected interviews—such as the *Canada AM*—instead of sending him

out among the restless folk. Perhaps on a sign that the tactic is working, Edmonton realtor **John Trudeau** last week folded up his campaign to "banish" Trudeau into retirement—because he had not yet gotten the answer that he wanted. Trudeau was already clearly on record before the decision: "I'm the only prime minister we've got now. It can't be changed by Gallup polls or by crackpots gathering money to buy me out."

Rock 'n' roll and baseball may not seem like an obvious pairing, but they are hand in glove to **George Thorogood**. The rock star, now on a cross-Canada tour, is known for his rambling renditions of **Chuck Berry** and **Bo Diddley** classics. Officials, though, when he is not following the *New York Mets* on television while touring with his *Destroyers*, Thorogood is at home cheering on the *Delaware Destroyers*, a semipro baseball team that he owns. He admits that he is "not good" at pitching and catching. But with his Jewish alias, **Ben to the Bone**, selling well, Thorogood hardly needs career counseling. For any musician, life on the road can be grueling. But for Thorogood, who is afraid of flying, touring is a special strain. "You can die on a plane," says the singer, who prefers to stretch out comfortably in the back of a Checker cab.

—EDITED BY CAROL BRUMAN

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Let your fingers do the lawyering

By Gordon Legge

For several years Canadian lawyers have faced an escalating barrage of criticism from a cynical public about their seemingly aloof attitude and high-priced services. As a result, the legal profession is beginning to respond with education and information programs designed to help individuals find their way through the bewildering thicket of regulations and legislation that surrounds their lives.

Among the most innovative and successful undertakings is a program called Dial-A-Law. A Calgary phone-in service, it provides general information about the law and the legal system. Rather than consult and pay a lawyer, anyone can simply call and receive a briefing on a variety of legal matters. Because of its success—and the obvious need for it—similar programs are now being established in British Columbia and Ontario, with both due to start by 1983. Moreover, the Canadian Bar Association is seeking outside funding to hire a Dial-A-Law coordinator to establish and maintain the service in other Canadian centres.

At the moment the program averages more than 30 promotional tapes that run for between five and 10 minutes. They span a variety of topics in areas such as family law, immigration, landlord and tenant legislation, wills and estates, criminal law, the court system, employment and social assistance and consumer law. Since it began in October, 1980, the Calgary service has answered more than 26,000 calls. It now averages 1,200 calls a month, and the number of calls in the same months of 1982 was 50 per cent higher than a year ago. Not only that, but Dial-A-Law, which has three toll-free lines to encourage people to telephone from anywhere in Alberta, has enjoyed an 81-per-cent increase in out-of-town calls. At the same time, there has been a 126-per-cent increase in the requests for transcripts of the taped recordings, which are mailed free at the caller's request.

If Calgary's experience is any indication, the new service cannot be established too soon. As the recession tightens its grip, Dial-A-Law's offices have been requesting information on

such matters as separation, divorce and maintenance payments, real estate law and small claims courts. Pauline Kowalski, for one, has used the service for just such a purpose. In January Kowalski, 32, and her husband, Carl, 30, moved into a \$123,000 three-bedroom, split-level house in the Calgary suburb of Woodbine. Then, within the past two months, both lost their jobs. Suddenly, the Kowalskis had barely enough money to feed themselves and their two-year-old daughter, Erin, not to mention meeting the \$1,000-a-month mortgage payments. After hearing

280 Calgary lawyers to provide public legal education and legal advice clinics Calgary Dial-A-Law was modified after similar services in the United States. Although no legal advice is provided—with a qualifying statement to that effect at the beginning of every tape—the tapes do outline legal rights, legal procedures and clarify doubts about when—or if—a lawyer should be retained. Furthermore, the operator can refer a caller to the appropriate agency for advice. Recordings are updated regularly to keep abreast of changes in the law, and new scripts are written every

CALGARY LEGAL GUIDANCE



Larson: a number of clients are requesting information ranging from divorce to mortgages

about Dial-A-Law on a local radio program. They called for information about foreclosures. They listened to the tape and decided to hire a lawyer. As a result, they are not being forced out of their home immediately, as the second mortgage holder had originally insisted. Instead, the Kowalskis are hoping they can hang on until Christmas. "The service is good," she says. "The law is so complicated, so everything. You just can't call a lawyer and say, 'Tell me a little bit about this or that.'"

It was precisely because of that difficulty that Calgary Legal Guidance (CLG) established the pioneering service (CLG is an 11-year-old organization that draws on the volunteer services of

summer to meet new demands. Says CLG's executive director, Hugh Allison: "We're not promising it much more than before, but we know that each month it grows and grows and grows. And we know that 25 per cent of our calls are repeats. So we must be providing a vital service."

Even the legal community finds it useful. Many lawyers now refer their clients to Dial-A-Law before they come into the office. Says Linda Larson of the CLG: "Lawyers prefer having more informed clients seeking help." And everyone in the CLG offices enjoyed having a particular client request a transcript after listening to a tape. The caller was an Edmonton Queen's Counsel. ☐

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A muscular dystrophy clue

There was curious epiphany further than infantile death in the *Jeaneen* family last week when it was announced during a Jerry Lewis telethon that a "breakthrough" had been made in Winnipeg in the fight against muscular dystrophy. "It can't help us now," says Elia Janssens,

mother of three boys who died of Duchenne's form of the disease. "But if it can help detect the presence of MD in an unborn fetus, then that would be something."

After a dozen years of research, Dr. Klaus Wrogemann, professor of biochemistry at the University of Mainz,

be, found that Duchenne victims—all males—fail to manufacture a certain protein molecule found in one gene. Wrogemann believes that that molecule could be essential in protecting a person against MD. However, Dr. Julian Kaefer, head of biochemistry at Cincinnati, cautions that the discovery is just a first step. "It is their duty to call this finding a major breakthrough. But I can say that it is very important in the field of genetic research." Adds Dr. Paul Hagen, president of the Muscular Dystrophy Association of Canada: "Wrogemann's finding means there is a protein missing. But it may not be the protein that's missing."

Until Wrogemann's finding there was little scientific information on MD other than that it was a genetic, progressive disease resulting in muscle, nerve and tissue debility and death. "The next step is to isolate that protein molecule and find out its role with respect to MD," says Kaefer. When that happens, an artificially produced protein molecule could be manufactured to treat the disease.

But Kaefer is not making any predictions about such a cure. "It could take years before that occurs. On the other hand, with labs working simultaneously using Wrogemann's finding, perhaps it will be much sooner." Indeed, Hagen says that there are at least three groups in the United States and Canada currently working on the gene structure of MD victims. One such group is headed by Ronald Worzon, a geneticist at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. That team is attempting to isolate the gene, not the protein. "We're taking a completely different route," he says. "However, I believe that Wrogemann's finding might help some other labs just beginning gene research to get at the MD gene itself."

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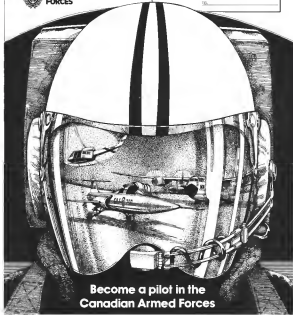
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prenatal diagnosis. The Duchenne variety of an affects only boys, and there is a 50-per-cent chance that a male fetus would develop it if the mother is a carrier. "What we know for certain from this research," says Kaufe, "is that a particular protein molecule is missing in the Duchenne type, and we already know that such molecules are made by the genes." He adds that the inference can be made that there is no abnormality in the gene that manufactures that particular protein. If and when the molecule is detected as missing in the fetus,

a woman could choose whether or not to have the child.

That kind of testing will be a boon to the Jackson family. Already, one daughter, an air carrier, is going through the agony of awaiting test results to determine if her two-year-old boy is likely to develop the disease that killed her own brothers, all before the age of 20. For the youngest daughter, 31, also a carrier, a prenatal diagnosis could spare her that awful ordeal. —CATHY CARLYLE GORDON in Winnipeg.

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New light on tunnel vision

An estimated 10,000 Canadians suffer from retinitis pigmentosa (RP), a disease that causes degeneration of the light-sensitive rods of the retina, the filmlike membrane at the back of the eye. When it strikes, it is as if the film in the eye's camera has been overexposed. The earliest symptoms is night blindness, accompanied by an insidious loss of peripheral vision. Eventually, severe tunnel vision or total blindness results. There is no cure for it, but two new devices successfully alleviate as never before the sufferer's reaction to changes in light. The Corning Photochromatic Filter 580 lenses (CFF 580) lessen the discomfort of exposure to short wavelengths of light, such as ultraviolet radiation and blue visible light. Complementing the CFF 580 lenses is the Lattice Pocket Scope, which enhances an RP victim's vision in the dark.

The Corning glasses have red-tinted lenses which darken significantly when exposed to sunlight, or slightly under fluorescent light, then fade when used indoors, ensuring comfort, contrast and acuity for the user. Arnet Helen Sharrin, 45, president of RP International in Los Angeles, used to have to carry six different pairs of sunglasses for various lighting situations. Now she needs only one pair: the CFF 580s. "They let in the light and keep out the glare," Sharrin says.

The lenses are now available through physicians and several major Canadian optical companies for as much as \$600, depending on the prescription. George Woo, a professor at the school of optometry at the University of Waterloo in Ontario, where trial kits are now being supplied, says that so far a dozen of his patients have tried the lenses and that "they have been useful."

The other new device, the Pocket Scope, is a costly—about \$3,000—but superior tool. The Pocket Scope is an adaptation of a military device developed for nighttime maneuvers. The telescope-like apparatus works on the premise that there is always some available light—such as starlight or moonlight—even in "the dark," and it amplifies it as much as 20,000 times. In dimly lit restaurants Harris used to stretch on a camping lamp to see the food on her plate. Today she needs only her Pocket Scope. "When people ask me what I'm doing," she says, "I just tell them I'm with ABC Sportsman News." —JULIE COHEN in Toronto.

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The new high school of life

By Judy Shapiro

Don't think it is an exciting way to beat the Grade 13 diploma. Instead of returning to high school for her final year, 19-year-old high-achieving Ontario student has enrolled at Toronto's Ontario Science Centre starting Sept. 7, the 20 young people registered in the first semester will have the run of virtually all of the centre's 450,000 square feet of displays, facilities and equipment.

Unlike other specialty schools—the National Ballet School and other performing arts schools—the Science Centre focuses mainly on enriched science courses. Like these schools, however, it undoubtedly aims at turning out students who are at the pinnacle of their fields. In addition to credit courses in physics, chemistry, biology and algebra, students must take a compulsory class on leadership and communication. George Vanderkeek, co-ordinator of the program, explains that the reputation of scientists as bad communicators has

been a burden to the profession. "We want students to communicate science on an everyday-person level."

The drawing card for most enrollees, however, is the high-tech paraphernalia for which the Science Centre is famous. Five school boards provide various discipline loans, \$2,000 electronic microscopes,

In the interests of humanizing future scientists, the Ontario Science Centre has opened its own school

—existing rooms (where Newton's laws do not apply) and spectroscopy labs for studying the molecular structure of various substances. "In school you can only read about things like laser beams in a book," says Joe Paradi, a 16-year-old Toronto student. "Here we'll be able to see things work."

They will also be demonstrating how

things work. As part of their leadership course, students will design exhibits for the centre itself and work with the public. "I'd love to see students dissecting in the Hall of Life, but I'm afraid some of the public would pass out," says Chuck Cohen, head of chemistry at Toronto's Park Secondary School, near Toronto and seconded to work on the project. "You see, I'd want them to dissect a cat."

Those enrolled in the first semester (31 females and 13 males) are not necessarily future Einstein's and Edison's. All the students are bright, with 90- to 95-per-cent averages, and all are leaders in their schools, but many have nonconformist career goals. They want to be doctors, lawyers, engineers, pharmacists or professionals of some sort. Cohen, who emphasizes that all those who applied were pre-screened by schools, also stresses that the message is not "elited" but rather "motivated or self-motivated."

For his part, Joe Paradi signed up to enter an engineering in which he would not be speeded information. For him and his twin brother, David, who normally attend De La Salle College Oakville, a prestigious private boys' school in Toronto, it was appealing to be labelled "braver" for simply showing interest and enthusiasm in schoolwork.

"I was never mentally challenged in school," confesses Joel Liberman, an 18-year-old student from Ashken, a community of 5,000 in northwestern Ontario (Kitchener is paying for his own room and board in Toronto from summer earnings). "Education isn't geared to the higher level," he says.

Confirms Cohen: "We plan to work them hard." Though the course outline follows the Ontario ministry of education curriculum and specifies standard textbooks, students will be expected to do most last work at home, reserving classroom hours for experiments.

Vanderkeek says: "We sign a student rotational fringes of relevance (for example) Two weeks later we'll deliver a seminar to the class."

Working with Cohen and Vanderkeek are about 15 other employees of the Science Centre, including J. Tane Wilson, the widely respected geophysicist and director general of the centre. The Metropolitan Toronto Board of Education will also provide teachers on two-year



Paradi at microscope, Vanderkeek and student a home for learners?



assignments. Vanderkeek, who originally conceived the idea, claims, "It was frustrating working in a place like this and not seeing it used to its full potential." So far the school has run its only one course—predictably, a bona-fide double over money. When a student transfers from one school to another, the roughly \$3,000 per student per year allotted to the school board must also be

transferred. Several boards have refused to hand over the funds to the North York Board of Education, so what the Science Centre students must enroll. Says Allen Wells, director of the Leamington County Board of Education, in Simcoe, Ont.: "We don't want to encourage students to transfer, because a reduction in enrolment makes it harder for us to provide a full range of courses with proper equipment, laboratories and such." One Simcoe student, 16-year-old Mary Kirk, is so determined to attend that she is considering leaving a local guardian

appointed for her in the area. Vanderkeek estimates that if the two-year pilot project proves a success, advertising will be stepped up to attract about 300 students annually. That, says Joe Paradi, could help revitalize the Canadian science. "With all these people who know how to think," he means, "maybe something good will come out of it—maybe even a cure for cancer." □

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Natural gas at the pumps

Propane, widely heralded during the past two years as the most attractive alternative to gasoline, may soon be displaced by an upstart competitor. The virtues of a tank of compressed natural gas, or CNG, in the trunk of the family truck are rapidly becoming apparent to a country seeking cheaper and more abundant transportation fuel. By the end of this month Toronto will have its first public natural gas outlet, a new Shell station on Eglinton Avenue. The opening of a Hasty Oil station in Calgary last month and several service centres pumping natural gas in Vancouver by the end of the year signal confidence on the part of major oil companies in the coming popularity of compressed.

At the moment there are only an estimated 200 to 300 vehicles in the Metro area equipped for running on natural gas. But Toronto may well be a new mecca for vehicles switching to natural gas. Mississauga is now home to the new head office of CNG Fuel Systems Ltd., a formerly Calgary-based company that hopes to sell the conversion kits and gas-compression facilities needed by new Canadian CNG dispensing outlets. School bus lines, taxi fleets and courier services have already approached the company.

Propane is natural gas's main selling point. Per kilometre, it is 58 to 60 per cent less expensive than gasoline and 30 to 35 per cent cheaper than propane, depending on the province. Though the cost of converting a vehicle runs to about \$1,800, the federal government will subsidize \$900 of that to return for data on performance. Abundant supply is also a bonus, with up to 200 trillion cubic feet of the gas in Canadian reserves. Engines that burn natural gas are also subject to less wear and tear, produce less pollution, and will start in -40°C weather.

Meanwhile, gasoline flames are waiting to see just how high the regulatory hurdles to conversion will be before making the switch to CNG. The Ontario government plans to monitor natural gas conversion carefully, after past propane conversion accidents. Still, says Allan McVine, who commutes to Toronto every day in a natural gas powered Oldsmobile. "I'm saving 40 to 50 per cent on fuel bills by driving a natural gas car. I'm intrigued."

—AUSTIN BAIRD in Toronto

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FOR THE RECORD

More than a comeback

SHEPHERD STEEL

Joe Cocker
(Island/WEC)

Yes, he still has it. Although in recent years a reputation for gross drunkenness almost eclipsed his stature as a white blues singer, Joe Cocker here proves himself to be a mad dog capable of new and wonderful tricks. This closely textured blend of funk, reggae, and a little bit of everything else is the perfect showcase for his vocal skills. Cocker's versatile growl, strung and mangled, stamps songs by Bob Dylan, Steve Winwood, Jimmy Chis, et al., as his own. No doubt this album will be hailed as a comeback, but that sounds only charitable (quite simply, it is an event).

THE LORDS OF THE NEW CHURCH

The Lords of the New Church
(A & M)

Back in 1978, as one of The Dead Boys, Steve Sotter was singing, "I don't wanna be no Catholic boy." Now, as Steve Sotter, lead vocalist of a new four-man band, he is still taking the muckiest out of generals and politicians. In fact, a lot of the "this life stinks" schizoid on the album seems slightly old but nevertheless, especially when played loudly, there is something about the encephalated drums, trash guitars and unadorned moans (such as "We want Apocrypha, no-burns!") that is both funny and raw. The Lords of the New Church exude all mystery and refinement in the name of truth and honesty, and while that makes for a certain amount of bluster, it is also inspiring (and).

LIVE IT UP

David Johansen
(CBS)

Formerly of the New York Dolls, a sentimental band that more people have heard of than heard, David Johansen has released three previous solo albums. But this is the first time he has fully revealed himself as a performer. This is one of those live recordings that make you wish you had been there. Sexy, aggressive, in fine voice and full-on as a good time, Johansen takes to do things in a big way and kicks off with a raucous rendition of The Animals' "We Gotta Get Out of This Place/Don't Bring Me Down/D.Y. My Life." He then high all the way to the end, a frantic rendition of the Dolls' classic, "Personality Crisis."

In between there are souped-up versions of "Rough Out 13 St. Peter, Build Me Up Buttercup" and Johansen originals "Frenchie" and "Funky but Cool." You come away from the album feeling tired but happy and wondering why this began a star.

THE LEXICON OF LOVE

Arc
(PolyGram)

The latest in a long line of dance club heroes that Brittas has been breeding with boring abandon, ARC is hardly distinguishable from a host of other new wave disco sets catering to calico



you're who like to get dressed up and go places. Lead singer Martin Fry tries for baroque crooning on an epic scale, but his efforts are hollow and hysterical. Likewise, the self-consciously cool lyrics grate. After Spandau Ballet, Duran Duran, Heaven 17, Depeche Mode, Human League, Soft Cell, Culture 101, Talk Talk, etc., who needs this?

JUMP TO IT

Arctic Monkeys
(Arista/PolyGram)

Possessor of one of the most beautiful voices in the history of popular music, Arctic Monkeys has, for some time, been putting out mediocre records. On her latest she again settles for the occasional vocal flourish—mixed of fire—in the moments of midtempo, over-arranged, slick funk that has become her custom. Both the solo track and a version of the Baby Brothers' "It's Your Thing" have some spark, but the remaining six songs have as more soul than their sappy names—This Is for Real, (It's Just) Your Love or Just My Desires. —DAVID LIVINGSTON



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To dam or not to dam

Waterwheels are almost as old as civilization. In 14 BC the Roman engineer Vitruvius described how they could provide labor-saving brute power, although he said there was not much incentive to build the devices because a team of slaves could always be pressed into service.

New, colonial turbines—the descendants of waterwheels—inspire the flow of entire rivers as hydroelectric dams feed a substantial segment of the planet's energy consumption.

But there are limits. Even in a country as endowed with mighty rivers and waterfalls as Canada, almost all of the

scarcely hydroelectric sites outside of British Columbia have been dammed.

The problem now is how to trap the energy from these thousands of sites along such rivers as the Mackenzie and the St. Lawrence where the volume of flowing water carries impressive amounts of potential power but where a major dam is impractical because of low banks or shipping routes.

According to Dartmouth, N.S., aerospace engineer Barry Davis, the answer is to combine the most modern principles of windmill and hydrofoil technology in a water mill. The result is "the turbodyne," a water mill that resembles a cross between an inverted helicopter and an eggbeater. Davis' first full-scale version, funded by the National Research Council, was lowered into the St. Lawrence late last month at Cornwall, Ont., for a year of tests.

"The project originated in 1976 when the NRC requested proposals for tagging river flow without dams," says Davis. He reasoned that "eggbeater" power-generating windmills, then at the experimental stage, could be applied to flowing water. From there the idea for a turbodyne, or vertical-axis water mill, was born. "We were impressed by Davis' idea," says Bruce Pratte, senior research officer at the NRC's hydraulics laboratory in Ottawa—and the official who commissioned Davis' firm, Nova Energy Ltd., to build a full-scale test version.

One of the invention's great virtues is its simplicity. Struts attach three 17-in blades to a central shaft suspended in the water from a pivoting raft which is then secured in position by massive anchors. River current turns the blades to turn the shaft at about 600 rpm. That, in turn, drives a generator on the raft to produce electric power. If the device outlives its show promise, says Pratte, the NRC is prepared to go well beyond the \$500,000 already invested by engineering test turbodieses with blades three or four times larger than those in the existing system.

Trials on tidal waters, the new frontier of Canadian hydroelectricity, are already scheduled for next year in southern British Columbia and the Bay of Fundy in the Maritimes. However, at this stage the turbodyne seems more likely to augment rather than displace the high-tech conventional turbines now designed to harness Fundy's tides in conjunction with an Annapolis Basin dam. The first of at least 18 of the new 30-megawatt (60 turbines will be tested) is the basin next spring.

In contrast, the Cornwall test turbodyne, now hooked into the St. Lawrence Power Company's grid, is generating up to six kilowatts of power, depending on the velocity of river water and the various gear ratios. That is enough power

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for the total requirements of a typical house. If it proved successful after a year of experiments, similar turbo-gens, located where the flow of water can be more effectively concentrated, could produce up to 50 kw. Hundreds of communities and camps in northern Canada, which are dependent on electricity generated by diesel motors fed by regular fuel airlifts, will be able to harness their local water systems instead. According to a report commissioned by the federal government, hydroelectric power could be introduced in an estimated 300 to 500 remote Canadian sites. Until Davis designs a larger series of units, generating more than 1000 kw, however, turbo-gens output will not become practical for large power company use.

Indeed, it may eventually be individuals who will benefit most from the turbo-gens design. Small units retailing for about \$5,000 per kilowatt are foreseeable for homeowners living next to small steady-flowing streams and rivers.

Australia, the United States and Britain are currently pioneering their own research on water mills. But Canada has the research lead. British engineers, working along the same lines, have installed a four-bladed unit similar to Davis' on the White Nile in southern Sudan. Power from the system is used to pump irrigation water to surrounding croplands. And Pralle says his more advanced Canadian design has sparked interest from U.S. power authorities in western states that are seeking alternatives to nuclear power.

Davis is not surprised at the wealth of attention. He has been at the forefront of innovative and hydroelectric technology since 1968, when he came to Canada from Australia to work on the Avro Arrow jet fighter, sergued by Prime Minister John Diefenbaker shortly afterward. He is confident his turbo-gens will have a happier fate.

—TODD/STC/DECEMBER 10 IN CANADA

This "turbo-gens" is a water mill that floats.



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Iran's Godin Tepe fortress (above) bombed by Iraqi fighters, sending staff fleeing on Egyptian Military Helicopters

ARCHAEOLOGY

A graveyard for archeological dreams

By Catherine Rodd

Along the dusty banks of Iraq's Euphrates River, nine teams of Western archaeologists are frantically digging in the sand in an effort to save priceless relics doomed by a massive dam that will flood the area next winter. In the bombed-out refugee camps in Tyre, in southern Lebanon, an expert team from the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) is probing the rubble left by Israeli warplanes. They fear that millennia-old monuments to Phoenician culture may have been shattered by modern military conflict. And in the remote highlands of North Yemen, the legendary home of the Queen of Sheba, North American archaeologists despair as local villagers dismantle ancient temples and palaces, using the stone to build their own homes.

Throughout the Middle East, in a vivid clash of priorities, Western archaeologists watch in horror as more and more sites are destroyed by the twin threats of the 20th century—sectarian warfare and industrial development. Archaeology conducted in stable countries, with the blessing of the host government, can produce spectacular results, such as the Mesopotamian excavations in northwest Saudi Arabia. But, increasingly, the birthplace of Western culture is in danger of becoming a

graveyard for archeological treasures.

"Archaeology is always at the bottom of the pile in developing countries," explains Louis Levine, curator-in-charge of the Royal Ontario Museum's West Asian department in Toronto. While he does not agree with the priorities of the area's governments, he is saddened that the aims of archaeology and development often were polarized. "It's a great



tragedy, but with a little planning there are ways in which both sides can profit," he argues.

He cites the relationship he built with the owner of a brick kiln near his project in Godin Tepe, in western Iran, in the early 1980s. Instead of digging up the ground as or near the site to feed the kiln, the owner was persuaded to cart away already refined soil, relieving the project of one of its biggest headaches. Now, Levine is faced with even larger obstacles in any future Iranian digging—the volatile political situation and the war with Iraq, both of which have prevented his return for four years. Even when he does go back, he is not sure what he will find. Last fall he received word from Iran that an Iraqi bomber had mistaken the historic ruins of the 2,500-year-old Godin Tepe for a modern installation and scattered bricks over the site.

Archaeologists are worried that the continuing war will also endanger digs in Iraq. This summer a Canadian team, led by Cuyler Young, a curator in the West Asian department at the ROM and a member of one of the three Canadian teams working in the region, completely excavated a sixth-century BC Assyrian signal post that had formed a critical link in a line of fortifications along the Euphrates. The team was hoping to start digging in the upper Tigris River Valley next year as part of another sal-

space operation before an irrigation dam floods the rich area. However, because of the need for manpower on the front, Iraq has informed the Canadians that it can only give them security personnel for a small area, elsewhere from the remote regions where they would like to dig. "We have the option of starting a project, we are not really interested in looking to move on, lower, or not going at all," says Yaffee. His decision is also being influenced by the sobering knowledge that rebellious Kurdish tribesmen are active in the area and currently hold 44 foreign hostages.

As for political conflicts, the most pressing threats to archaeology

arise come from the attempts of Middle Eastern governments to erase their people into the 20th century. With such new infusion of Western capital and oil revenues, local development ministries are embarking on ambitious construction projects. Hydroelectric and irrigation dams are now being built at most major river highways linking remote areas, and factories producing a variety of consumer and export goods, are under way in many countries. Looking at the heady pace of industrialization, Young predicts that salvage archaeology may well be the only type that the Middle East will see for 20 years. "We can no longer have the luxury of working on

a site for 15 years, I have one Iraqi colleague who is working just ahead of the bulldozers for the new Arab freeway," he notes. "Sixty has worked on last year have now been paved over."

While grab-and-run archaeology is not the preference of the profession, most archaeologists are braced that more governments appear to share their concern about preserving the past in principle, even though cultural departments do not carry much political clout. In Syria the General Directorate of Museums and Antiquities is actively encouraging foreign expeditions in regions in the area of the Kalos River in eastern Syria due to be flooded by a dam. In Los Angeles Dan Shamir, a professor at the University of California's International Institute for Mesopotamian Area Studies, is hardly putting together a year's worth of Syrian finds, hoping to fill in gaps about life in the Babylonian period. He says that although the Syrians provide a great deal of help, they are still hindered by the lack of a sense of urgency. "There are still so many unexcavated sites," he says, "they feel that if they lose a few they still have plenty more."

Archaeologists are also finding that the economic needs of local residents can be as difficult to deal with as bureaucratic issues face Shamir. He reports that his Syrian site was constantly disrupted by people trying to build houses or plant gardens. "It often happened that I would be digging on one side of a hill while someone was borrowing out the other side to plant something. I would call the police, but the fines are so small the person would be back in a few days," he recalled.

More problems in the piling of sites to feed lucrative private antiquities markets. In recent years Middle Eastern governments have tried to clamp down on thieves by installing a guard at sites. Egypt has some of the strictest regulations but still cannot control the exodus of ancient finds. Generators are usually poorly paid, and generous bribes are an unavoidable temptation in many countries.

Increasingly, archaeologists are in a rare upshot time. In Egypt the Aswan Dam's higher water level is allowing salt to corrode the famous monuments to the pharaohs. Closer to Cairo the sandstone of the pyramids and the Sphinx is being dissolved by pollution and salt, in some parts of the Great Pyramids. What, which created some of the empty sites emerging from the sand, is working again to destroy them. Modern urbanization bottling leaves little behind, and archaeologists may be left to wonder what solutions to modern problems have been found. And conflicts had not re-emerged and finally swept out the wartime roots. ☐

RADIO

Return of the native

After eight years in exile, the scruffy, chain-smoking king of the AM morning radio is back. Since Father Day the plunger, engaging voice of Fitar Grawski has again been heard on Morningradio, the current incarnation of the phenomenally successful This Country in the Morning, which Grawski hosted from 1971 to 1974. When the previous host, Don Harris, introduced the end of his broadcast

with his guano-like "But Harris also claims, 'I was never really happy leaving to go out on the street,' although his name has never been a problem for him on stage, he often sounded precious and tense, slightly reserved, as the air."

Grawski's voice, however, is an instrument custom-made for intimacy. "That's the most important thing about radio," he says. "When you listen, you are almost always alone." On This Country Grawski was an intimate confidant, equally gifted at revealing himself and making guests comfortable enough to reveal themselves too. But the estimated spirit of the early 1970s is long gone, now he believes that listeners feel more intimate with a host who talks less, that Morningradio executive producer Noelle Billinger calls "reception radio." Says Grawski: "Radio isn't like TV—it is never 'Watch me do this.' They must want you to get on with the plan."

Morningradio's low-key journalism—interviews, reviews, satire, music, readings, debates—will not change substantially, although Grawski would like to see more "hard" pieces. Here again the aim is to ensure that speakers do not limit their audience with excessive familiarity, says Grawski. "It's important that a piece on Jimmy Terrell be concise not reflect the view of a trendy but what might be seen by a reader from Moose Jaw." A most point, however, is whether the CBC, with its current drive for more information programming in a modular style, will cramp Grawski's country-people charm. Freddie Eganoff, "If they don't let Grawski be Grawski, they will kill the program."

The legend of This Country weighs heavily on Grawski, and he fears over-anticipation. He knows too that legends cannot be revised, especially since Morningradio's production crew—thanks to unemployment, a large part of his audience—is much younger than (retired) 48-year-old host, and has its own ideas about radio. But Grawski is also making up for lost time—and possibly past regrets (Unbearably, he swears having left This Country in a style just as the program had taken off) baseball (after hitting a homer in his last at-bat) and unlike aging Willie Mays, who kept playing the game he loved until he was forced to quit. But folk, born-again in all shapes and sizes on Morningradio. ☐

—MARK CHARNICKI in Toronto

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HEALTH

Calming the food jitters

After years of avoiding meats and desserts at restaurants and feverishly venturing out to dinner parties, Canada's food allergy sufferers, an estimated five per cent of the population, are hoping that a recently approved new drug will liberate them from the gun and embarrassment of their reactions. Malenox, the first medication developed for food allergies, is an oral form of the antihistamine drug. Unlike antihistamines, which only relieve allergy symptoms once the reaction is in progress, Malenox, taken before a meal, stops the reaction by fixing the digestive system and abolishing the production of allergic antibodies.

The drug has been found to be effective for people whose reactions are not severe but who nonetheless suffer from food allergies and cannot always avoid the "trigger" foods. "I had one patient who never had a dinner holiday because of her sensitivity to eggs [an ingredient in many prepared foods], but with Malenox she can even tolerate a served salad," reports Dr. John Gerard, a professor of pediatrics at the University of Saskatchewan's University Hospital.

Dr. Gerard and his colleague Dr. Cecil Collins-Williams, head of the Allergy Clinic at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children, caution that Malenox is not a panacea for all food allergies. "If a person has a life-threatening reaction to a food, Malenox will not help," warns Gerard. Similarly, Collins-Williams advises against its use by people trying to skip forbidden foods on their diets. Happily, the British drug has virtually no lasting side effects after years of testing in Canada and Europe. Nevertheless, despite a clean bill of health from Canadian clinical scientists at a food allergy symposium in July, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration has yet to follow Canada's lead and has not approved Malenox for sale in the United States.

The price of relief is high. Malenox costs about 60 cents for a 400-mg capsule, enough to provide protection during a meal. The manufacturers recommend that it only be taken for special occasions. Susan English, president of the Allergy Information Association of Toronto, cautions: "It's much easier to take some Malenox than spend your time going the distance the third degree about hot food."

—CHRISTINE BROWN in Toronto

FILMS

The original gambler



Andre Gassot, Duchesne and Claude Cerval in a quirky fable of the French underworld

BOB LE FLAMBEUR
Directed by Jean-Pierre Melville

One of the most extraordinary movies of 1962 was actually made in 1955, having waited nearly three decades for North American distributors. If audiences were impressed by the originality of *Juno et Payette* or *City on a Hill*, even Jean-Luc Godard's *Breathless* in 1960—it can be traced for the most part back to Jean-Pierre Melville's late arrival, *Bob le Flambeur*. A forgotten precursor of the French New Wave, *Bob le Flambeur* is like a smug old jazz reed with some attitude in it, and the attitude gives it its charm. Melville's movie is a quirky fable about the Marseilles night life and underworld, beginning with a stunning camera pan of a vast Paris and ending with an ironic switch worthy of *Le Massacre* in a light-hearted mood. It recalls the middle-of-the-night language of some Edward Hopper paintings, without the smelting twinges of despair.

Melville's results translate into English; it means "gambler," but a gambler with fire running through his veins. Bob (Roger Duchesne) is one of the most compulsive gamblers ever to walk on-camera stage; he even keeps a slot machine in his closet. Huddled in a trench coat, he hits the streets after midnight, joining all the nightbirds—how many changes after dark? Bob and his kid use a special van in noon that ordinary folk do not, and among

strangers they feel they are with the best of friends in crystalline images. Henri Dancé's black-and-white photography captures the pull of the night's glitter, its sleepy sensuality, its varied sense of floating dislocation. Day seldom looked so good.

For a while the movie basks in its own oddball beauty. Melville, best known for his superb adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*, could be directing with roller shades, his camera is so fluidly energetic. And some of the editing techniques that he uses were handed down in 1936. The only recent movie that comes close to Melville's nifty loop-loop lozenges is *The Shawshank*. It matters little that for its first hour or so *Bob le Flambeur* is unconnected with a narrative. When the movie does get to a climax, as Bob and his kid begin plan to rob the casino at Deauville, its function is to set up the elaborate, concluding joke. Interestingly enough, Melville has to labor to inject some pace into those sequences—so though he had to really work at testing the conventional line.

Running through *Bob le Flambeur* are undercurrents of despair, confusion and private pain, but they are suggested, never pushed. Had they been, they would have spoiled the ambience. The movie is a fairy tale: what happens in it is a reflection of what *were* would like life to be, not necessarily what life is. And, at the same time, the main character is quite real, adding an extra, em-

pathetic dimension. He is a loser but, as Duchesne's performance implies variously and subtly, a lonely one. Bob seems to have substituted all his sexual urges into gambling; this may dwindle real close, but fords it there. For all its solidness, *Bob le Flambeur* would not be nearly as rich without Bob himself.

Invention piles upon invention in *Bob le Flambeur*. Anyone considering himself knowledgeable about the history of movies has some homework ahead of him—but homework was never like this. —LAWRENCE O'TOOLE

Even voyeurs get eyestrain

I LOVE YOU

Directed by Arnaldo Jablon

In *I Love You* a man and a woman who hardly know each other have sex in a seamy apartment with a great view of Rio de Janeiro. Call it *Last Tango in Rio* (Rio Paulo César Pereira) is bankrupt, left holding 1,800 Meisei bars from his business. His girlfriend (Vera Fischer) has left him, telling him it is no uncertain terms when she shares of him, which is not much. His self-esteem is shattered, Paulo is looking for what he calls "passability," which sounds more to do with upholstery than the road. Temporary passability arrives during a chance encounter at the street with Maria (Sônia Braga), who is so good at what she does her lover has abandoned her and, not feeling too kindly toward men at that moment, she pretends to be a where so



Braga, trails her bombshell reputation

she can act out her resentment.

When these two broken hearts get together all propriety is dropped, and they have terrible sex, which Paulo, a video freak, captures for posterity with his camera. They talk about their old lives, the 1950s and the surprising sentimental, devious sexual diversions, get violent and tender, examine life—and here the parts off as we are so deprived of visual information—practically all the film is shot in Paulo's apartment—that we are forced to listen to the ramblings of these two in real. After they have sexed, bantered and "discovered"

each other—and Maria has finally gone so far as to quote Rothbard—one feels like a voyeur who has developed eyes and ears.

Caught up in its self-imagined exodus to plumb the depths of sexuality, *I Love You* never does. Perino is an intriguingly glibly actress. Director Arnaldo Jablon's notion of sexuality is what he thinks people want to see on the screen: sex can almost hear him asking, "Will they get off on this?" "Love is meat," says Paulo in *I Love You* certainly is. —LANE MAC GREGOR



Actress Juliet Garland as Juliet Garland

What becomes a legend least

PIAF: THE EARLY YEARS
Directed by Guy Conrad

When a movie concentrates on the part of a legend that is least interesting, it should be given marks for pure recklessness. *Piaf: The Early Years* covers the French chanteuse's biography up to the point at which her fame is about to be established, covering the drugs and self-destruction to follow. These later years formed the greater part of the Piaf legend, as an international audience was drawn to her remarkable voice and her acropap marriage to melancholy. Her early years—literally being born in the gutter, growing up with parents and prostitutes—could easily have been handled in a five-minute opening montage or brief flashback. *Piaf* takes nearly two hours to accomplish this.

Although Brigitte Arlet offers a reasonable impression of "The Little Sparrow" (the soundtrack uses some original recordings, others by Piaf impersonator Betty Miss), she cannot transcend a screenplay that time-clocks Piaf's life rather than dramatically imagining it. The result is not much better than if Louis Armstrong were to play Juliet Garland. Nor does the film capture, in feeling, the hard-bitten, street-wise progress of the singer; the poems and prostitution are heavily sanitized. It does, however, take great pains to point out that Piaf desperately needed to be loved. "Living and I want," she says. *Piaf* apparently has neither the inclination nor the ability to discover how the life attached itself to the art. —LOTT



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A challenge to Hollywood

The first guests have been tossed in the long-awaited battle to free the Canadian film industry from the stranglehold of the six major U.S. producers and distributors.

Early in September the Quebec cultural affairs minister, Claude Richard, delightfully unveiled the report of the Fournier commission, set up 18 months ago to examine the effects of proposed legislation on the Quebec film industry. Our recommendation in this document—subtitled “A question of survival and excellence”—was that all film distribution companies in Quebec be 80-per-cent Canadian controlled. Such a move would be the first hard-nosed attempt by any government in Canada to retain a significant portion of the estimated \$200-million annual Canadian box-office take, 75 per cent of which flows down to the United States.

During the same week files from the federal department of communications (DOC) were leaked to *The Globe and Mail*. In late spring, Coca-Cola had taken over Columbia Pictures and applied to the Foreign Investment Review Agency for control of Columbia's Canadian subsidiaries. In a letter to FIRA the DOC's special adviser on film policy, Peter Martynow, had asked for a full review. In light of upcoming film-policy papers from both the DOC and the federal cultural policy review committee, which Martynow hinted would have a lot to say about foreign control, the letter noted that “Three distributors of U.S. control in Columbia Pictures of Canada to Canadian interests will represent real benefits to the Canadian film industry.” In other words by the end of the year Canadians could expect to see the same kind of federal legislative and controls proposed for film that allowed the record industry and book publishing to flourish in the 1970s.

With the report by Guy Fournier, former head of the Institut québécois du cinéma, and Martynow's letter indicate a substantial shift in their governments' assessment of how to realize long-standing policies on the creation of a strong indigenous film industry. Until recently, standing producers by such measures as the capital cost allowance, which allowed a tax write-off for investments, was considered the way to get more Canadian films onto the screen.

But without parallel initiatives to support distribution, Canadian producers were still largely dependent on the major-financed system. The Fournier report confirms this line, however. Says André Thiberge, president of the Association des réalisateurs et réalisatrices de films du Québec: “It's the first

time a report has taken an overall view on the creative function of film-making as a whole.”

Film production would be boosted by a Cinema Support Fund administered by a new branch of the Institut québécois du cinéma. Each year \$25 million would be raised by various taxes, including a 10-per-cent ticket tax. To ensure the exhibition of French language prints, an original English print would be allowed to show for 90 days, if a dubbed or subtitled French print were not then made available, the English print would be withdrawn for 180 days.



The future over foreign distribution in Quebec came to a head in June when Columbia and Gaumont, the largest distributor in France, formed a jointly owned distribution company called Triumph to market Gaumont films in North America. Quebec independent distributors formerly handled these films and were heavily dependent on the majors. Their umbrella organization fired off protests to Richard and Commerce Minister Francis Fox, then boycotted the Montreal World Film Festival when it was announced that festival director Serge Lévesque had signed a contract to Gaumont.

The argument against the majors, apart from the dollar drain across the border, is that they prefer to make their own films rather than a riskier Canadian independent product. Through vertical integration of the industry—Gaif & Western, for one, owns both Paramount studios and one of the two large Canadian exhibition chains, Famous Players—the majors ensure that there will always be room for their product. As a result, Columbia Pictures Senior Vice President Galup sees the cultural overreach of the Gaumont controversy as a never for economic sour grapes and the Fournier report as a act of revenge. “It's a competitive

environment—we got the deal,” he declared.

When their branch plant operations have been threatened in the past, by attempts to foster and preserve indigenous film industries, the majors have reacted strongly. In 1974, when then Secretary of State Jean Roberts proposed a 10-per-cent federal levy on the income of foreign distributors, all it took was pressure from Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, and a brief note from the U.S. state department to get an immediate retraction, says Galup. Galup, past chairperson of the Council of Canadian Filmmakers. “They just raise their eyebrows and we back down immediately.”

Because of that, Galup may be right in feeling ambivalent that negotiations with the majors will result in a compromise favorable to the majors. Still, even if distribution companies were Canadian controlled, there is no guarantee they would act any differently from their U.S. counterparts without supporting legislation such as quotas and levies, which are under provincial control. The federal government's state intervention economic tool is FIRA. Says Galup: “It's like inflating a boat with a teaspoon, but at least it's not going in the wrong direction.”

The Fournier report should go a long way toward correcting what commissioner André Lussier sees as “abuse of the francophone population” by the majors. Whether or not its costly tax recommendations and bureaucratic regulations may submerge its aims will be decided by Richard's ministry. Meanwhile, successful producers like Denis Héroux (*Just for Fire*) are enthusiastic. “I hope it means I won't have to fly to Los Angeles any more,” he says, “to sell the Canadian rights to my film and decide on the Quebec financing campaign.” And smaller independent producers may finally get the attention they deserve. —MARK CHAMBERLAIN, with Wayne Grady in Montreal.

Shooting at the banks

TOWERS OF GOLD, PEST OF CLAY

By Walter Stewart
(Collins, 307 pages, \$21.95)

Early on in *Towers of Gold, Pest of Clay*, investigative journalist Walter Stewart reaches back to Minneapolis and the year 1900 to to imagine a meeting between two economists—Karl Marx and One-Rye Rasmussen. Rasmussen wants to take his bank out of the city for Royce Davis, One-Rye's daughter; after some nagging, Marx agrees to a meeting. The next day, Stewart begins to relate the story of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce bank on the scene in Minneapolis. It would have arranged a Red Greenish loan for Rasmussen's bank, taken over One-Rye's, somewhat reluctantly, traded the few banks around the countryside 30 or 35 times, given everybody a lot of them.

A thoroughly disinterested look at the worst version of Stewart's story, *Towers of Gold* is funny, fast-paced and possesses of a certain poise. "Your bank is not your bank," Walter Stewart says in the first chapter. "What else about it is to be kept in its associations, *Towers of Gold* is redeemed by its sheer nerve. Stewart gives vent to the frustration felt by all those who learned since the summer of 20-per-cent-plus interest rates—in the House of Commons largely investigated bank profits.

Stewart does his best to prove that, contrary to its well-known image, "banking is a business like any other, motivated by the same forces, marked by the same greed." . . . Canada's pre-revolutionary bankers possessed the financial clout to make themselves political powers. By 1900 they could force their choice of finance minister upon Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier by threatening to call enough loans to finance the government. Stewart claims that modern banks have equal power to protect themselves from competition. The Big Five chartered banks control 90 per cent, or about \$313 billion, of Canadian banking assets. Regional banking was threatened in the 1960s when the federal government's plan for a provincial bank was



Stewart's story, away the mystery and awe

derailed in the 1960s by the Senate banking committee. And William Kewell, Canada's superior general of banks and the federal government's late financial spokesman, accuses his family, however indirectly, from the banks. With that kind of pretence, Canadian banks will never die, they won't ever be interested.

Most of Stewart's abundant criticisms of the system are legitimate. So too are his suggestions, which range

from a call for much greater financial disclosure from the banks to the wise advice that individuals save at a trust company and pay credit card bills on one of the chartered banks. That was the Big Five's main aim, Stewart writes. Unfortunately, his hysteria often undermines his credibility. "The banking system," he writes in all apparent seriousness, "will be a luxury in its heart." What he does not say is that the bankers who run the system consider themselves as contributing members of an international financial system that, however fragile, has created the most prosperous era in economic history.

Had Stewart interviewed more bankers for their side of the story and asked less of *The Globe and Mail* editors that make up the bulk of his research, he might have made a more balanced, and therefore more persuasive, argument. Rather than dig for genuine proof that bank donations shape their interlocking directorships, Stewart simply states that no average banker could resist the temptation. The same holds true for his serious claim that banks will the personal lives of 30% to bring them into line on banking policy votes. He has no direct proof, but one your imagination. Because some of Stewart's information is based on off-the-record conversations, no one can reliably assess his reporting.

Stewart's history of banking and his absorbing study of the banks' risky forays into international trading are solidly researched and particularly good. But by approaching the banking system as intrinsically evil and not seeing up with solid goals on the men who run it, he booby-traps a strong, merry effort. *Towers of Gold*, the Kingdom of Greed, is a book that is both entertaining and useful. It is not as good as the *Land of Oil* before. Stewart showed up—amplified and needlessly awakens Stewart has shown that you can answer back to bankers and live to tell the tale. Now all we need is someone to tell back the serious to reveal how the wizards actually work the controls.

—IAN BROWN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

Fiction

- 1 *The Parable of the Sower, Cudworth (2)*
- 2 *The Prodigal Daughter, Anker (3)*
- 3 *The Man from St. Petersburg, Fabel (2)*
- 4 *Deliver Us from Evil, King (2)*
- 5 *The One Tree, Davidson (1)*
- 6 *Minister Quod, Green (2)*
- 7 *The Case of Lucy Beckett, London (2)*
- 8 *Solo Shooting, Price (2)*
- 9 *Friday, Morley (2)*
- 10 *No Name for the Game, Forsyth (2)*

(1) *Parable of the Sower*

Nonfiction

- 1 *Canada with Love, West (1)*
- 2 *John Fowles's *Parable of the Sower*, Fowles (2)*
- 3 *The Great Gatsby, Ford (1)*
- 4 *The Temple of the Holy Spirit, Fowles (2)*
- 5 *Princess, Leary (1)*
- 6 *The Fate of the Earth, Sol (1)*
- 7 *Living, Loving and Learning, Davidson (2)*
- 8 *Years of the Good, King (2)*
- 9 *When Did Things Happen to Good, Price (2)*
- 10 *The Holy Spirit and the Holy Spirit, Brown, Leigh and Smith (2)*

A bump and grind toward redemption

GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS

By Katherine Gower
(McClelland and Stewart, 286 pages, \$19.95)

Going Through The Motions echoes the tragic needs of the 19th-century Irish. The sometimes pitiful extremes of human existence. A young, beautiful girl from an affluent family works her way to the brink of success in that most difficult matter, ballet, by age 30 her luck has changed, and she finds herself taking of her clothes in a Young Street strip joint.

Such is the fall of Jane Stinson, the embittered heroine of Toronto writer Katherine Gower's second novel. But since self-education, not tragedy, is the theme of most serious fiction today, Gower did not leave Stinson in the gutter. Indeed, she starts her tale there—Stinson is charged with sexual harassment for having kicked a two-year-old ballet class in the face. This incident brings the desperate tensions of her life to a crisis she can either risk further or she can take to grips with the destructive forces that have plagued her youth. Not surprisingly she opts for the latter, and as *Motion* becomes a search for the redemption truth, as it sweeps deftly between the past and the transcendent present.

That past began, presumably in the Edmonton ballet studio of an authoritarian spinster. Gower's evocation of the harsh regime of ballet is a tour de force of clear-eyed reportage. The first time Stinson goes on the tiny loss of ballet shoes, she has "to play the diva, drying skin of the lights away from her flesh." The nail on her big toe had cut through the skin of her foot. And worst, the second toes on both feet, were pinned raw, wet, like some kind of vegetable.

Through almost demonic determination, Stinson survives, and is accepted by a prestigious British ballet school. But she becomes pregnant and stubbornly refuses an abortion—only to surrender her body for adoption. The novel, which effectively works her career, makes for a rather mystifying rebellion. It is not that such events are unlikely but that Gower does not make them credible. At the source of this failure is the rather odd absence of Stinson from much of the novel's action. Inevitably absent, but a great part of what she experiences is seen through strangely neutral eyes, it is as if Gower were more bent on writing objective journalism (that on creating a world saturated with the feelings of an individual).

Gower further obscures our view of

Stinson by her constant externalizing. Her internal state rarely works since they are not convincingly linked up by the events of Stinson's life. When Gower tells us that Stinson "had learned to talk, it had taken her five years far to find the words to come to her own defence," we are baffled: caricatures have been severed Stinson's problem. Only in a few strong, isolated scenes does Stinson really live. At such moments she is usually angry, fighting off an attacker in Queen's Park or chewing out her boyfriend, David, for some half-imagined wrong.

Despite his carefully drawn faults, David provides Stinson with needed balance. With his rooting in the stands, she makes a spirited, courteous defense of herself. The narrative moves on and achieves her epiphany of self-education. But since the reader has never been convinced by Stinson in the first place, her final triumph rings more than a little false.

—JOHN BROWN

Buried alive by the muse



Fowles: more furious but less calm

MANTISSA

By John Fowles
(Collins, 286 pages, \$19.95)

A powerfully created world would be independent of its creator, a planned world is a dead world. It is only when our characters and events begin to disengage so that they begin to live.

John Fowles inserted three novels into the heart of *The French Partisan*. It is a novel which triumphantly epitomized that belief. "J.M. Fowles Ltd." who, 15 years later, has produced *Mantissa* is a more famous author but a less acute creator. His new book, planned as carefully as a word processor, tells of the life of the artist, quarrelsome, fickle relationship

between a writer and his muse. It might have made a lively essay, or an excellent short story. Sad to say, *Mantissa* is a novel.

The writer (John Fowles) is a powerful, deeply disappointed under the name of Miss Green. Struggles to overcome it in a grey, damp, windowless room. In case we miss the obvious suggestion that the room is, in fact, Green's brain, Fowles later explains the metaphor in a postscripting way. Throughout the first section the writer attempts to suffer from some kind of creative block. He is a writer, and as even as our black name with methods that make Mantiss and Johnson look like followers of the Moral Majority. Yet their appearances are deceptive. Both of Green's brains are more powerful than a simple mind, and as a writer he achieves her epiphany of self-education. But since the reader has never been convinced by Stinson in the first place, her final triumph rings more than a little false.

His previous offerings balanced delicately between the realistic and self-educating. Fowles, adding the variety of English fiction in the volitional rigour of European writing, Mantiss is a serious work. Fowles is a writer. Confined to the confined world of private obsessions and literary jokes, the novel often seems flimsy and overdone. It is a novel, as if Fowles far all his wealth and public acclaim, feels insecure about his art, slightly contemptuous of his readers and unable to follow his true instincts as a writer. The revolution at the end of his 1974 short story "The French Partisan" is a novel. "Green was misled by the excess in words, the affectively blessed self-education, the surface liberation of contemporary art." . . . Mantiss is too many liberties but, although Fowles has escaped from the clutches of reality, he is using a restricted, by his own postmodernist constraints. As Mantiss inevitably tells Green, "You're doing exactly what you always do: chasing your own tale."

The painting thing is that John Fowles decided to publish *Mantiss* in a perfect form, for there are ample signs that he is disappointed with his witty handwork. Green describes his relationship with the muse as "an unwelcome non-text." The book finishes with a brilliant sentence that can and could only be the conclusion. "Mantiss" is a novel, a novel, Fowles introduces the obsolete expression that gave his title in a footnote, he defines a mantiss as an unimportant addition, especially in the realm of literature. His tongue has slipped so far up in his mouth that his face has been sorted in pain.

—MARK ADLER

Bill, Big Julie and Pierre

By Allan Fotheringham

A Big and Richmond, dog within the bowels of Toronto's money, the limousine—black, white and grey—strangle the traffic, paralyzing softest automobiles attempting to carry their passengers to work. Some of the limousines that the Vancouver national debt, some are longer than Marc LaRoche's legs, but the longest of all—a great grey monster—has its voluminous back portion filled with delegates from proletarian China, headed to the meetings of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank

on the nearby Sheraton Centre. A bad driver (born in Poland, whose massive international debts terrify his normal folks of driving a British delegate to Niagara Falls and back—"I gave it to him cheap, \$990"—and disliking to drive a recent \$110-million real estate deal).

The government of Ontario, which worships the dollar and is concerned that other portions of Canada are getting too much of it, is apparently ubiquitous before these proceedings. All expense-account types paid to monopolize the world's money, they are offered a special deal by the white-collar Bill Davis regime so that they can purchase their liquor at half-price while in Toronto. The guardians of Ontario's prime ministry, the Davis people allow Toronto bars to stay open two hours later than usual, until 8 a.m., so as to make the thirst of visitors considerably more conspicuous than the natives. In effect, the rulers of the province are admitting that residents of Toronto must be treated 50 weeks of the year in a manner more restrictive than is considered normal in the rest of the world. The visitors, the backs of their limousines filled with cheap booze, must engage.

There is a higher piece of hypocrisy attending this meeting of the money of muck. It is the sudden recruitment of lobby corporate figures as pitchmen for a Liberal government that has run the economy into the ditch and had general Fotheringham as a cabinet for Southern Seas.

usually been denounced by businessmen as orchestrating a disaster. When the money men from afar appear, our double corporate personalities line up to testify to the greater good of the Trudeauists. William Mulholland, chairman of the Bank of Montreal, has been vociferous (for a banker) in recent months as to the poorly financial policies directed from Disneyland-on-the-Sabre. In Toronto last week, Chairman Mulholland was escorted on his hind legs before a seminar sponsored by the Trudeauists as an effort to the International Monetary Fund meeting. All sweetest and



light, he intoned that there was a dangerous and "grossly exaggerated" perception across the waters that Canada is hostile to foreign investment.

In fact, Canada, it turned out, "still ranks among the most attractive places to commit funds" on a "relative basis." The Bank of Montreal has committed funds \$115 million, part of the \$1.4 billion due to four Canadian banks at the end of this month) so proximately to bankruptcy-threatening Dome Petroleum that it stands to lose its shirt if Ottawa, so it is desperately trying to avoid, lets Dome slip under the waves. The Bank of Montreal reads the Trudeauists, and the Trudeauists read Chairman Mulholland to sit up and sing him a supper before the meeting pitchmen, who need limousines to get to the liquor store. Chairman Mulholland's vice-president in charge of corporate propaganda is Edward O'Hagan, Prime Minister Trudeau's former press secretary.

Robert Blair is the number 1 banca

of Alberta's staggering energy industry, the president and chief executive officer of the Calgary-based Nova Corp, the driving force behind the idea of a pipeline to the Arctic resources. Alberta has been driven to the wall by the Liberal's National Energy Program, to the extent that Premier Peter Lougheed has had to dip into the notorious Heritage Fund to prop up the economy. Mr. Blair knows what Ottawa politicians have done to his industry and to his firm. Mr. Blair, when called upon, was there at the seminar to offer reasoned explanations as to why the bidders in Ottawa really weren't that bad.

Mr. Trudeau, whose bare hands now write budgets in pencils equipped with erasers for constant revision, needs help to sell his Six-and-Five Solution after leading the way by allowing members of Parliament to help themselves to a 10-per-cent increase over 20 months. To sell the master oil that has over 800,000 constant swivelers, he recruits a blue-ribbon team of corporate figures to convince the unwashed how good it will taste. To lend the team, he recruits Ian Sinclair, who until recently was one of the five

highest-paid business executives in Canada and is now underemployed as guru emeritus of the Canadian Pacific empire.

Mr. Sinclair is now busy as the Liberal propaganda court, dispensing the syrup of a sloppy, profligate government that he and all other businessmen only recently were denouncing as incompetent and misanthropic. The host for the spotlight, however, is long-time and the craggy Sinclair, once the toughest critic of Ottawa's doth, is on the campaign trail telling the greedy unions and pensioners howsoever that they must restrain their desire to keep open of inflation and, instead, pay heed to the latest brain wave of a government that devised the disaster in the first place. The Liberals, masters of fraud, don't have to pay for salesmen. They merely crook the finger and the spokesmen leap out of the boardroom to assist them. The wheels of the World Bank get more than adequate grease. They got snake oil, too.

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